

HERMAN MELVILLE'S

MOBY DICK

SIMPLIFIED AND ADAPTED BY

ROBERT J. DIXSON

DRAWINGS BY SYD BROWNE

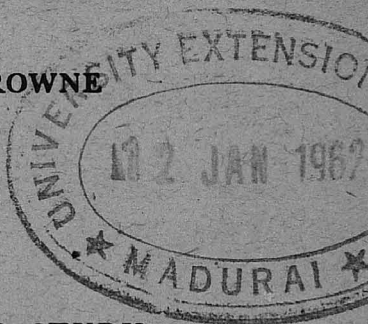
WITH EXERCISES FOR STUDY

AND VOCABULARY DRILL

The Vocabulary range of this book is 1000 words

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PREFACE



The story of *Moby Dick*, the great white whale, and of the men who hunted him, is one of the great literary classics of all time.

Here it is presented in a form which all can understand, within a vocabulary range of only 1,000 words. The sentence structure is simple, though sufficiently varied in form, so as not to be monotonous. Many of the long descriptive passages of the original, which treat of whales, and of the whaling industry in general, have been eliminated.

Thus, what remains is a simple, but very exciting story of life upon the high seas in the early days of the last century, dramatically highlighting this story with the struggle of the men, the sea, and the "white whale."

Moby Dick should be interesting for American students needing a simplified vocabulary, and also for foreign students who, wishing to increase their knowledge of English, may at the same time, become acquainted with this famous American Novel and an aspect of American life of the last century.

Moby Dick in this edition, is the second book of the *American Classics*, a series of ten carefully graded readers. Its vocabulary range is slightly over 250 new words, in addition to most of the 750 words in *The House of the Seven Gables*, the first book in this series. In each of the books that follow there will be 200 new words. A complete list of titles and vocabulary range appears on the last page.

Each new word as it appears for the first time in the book

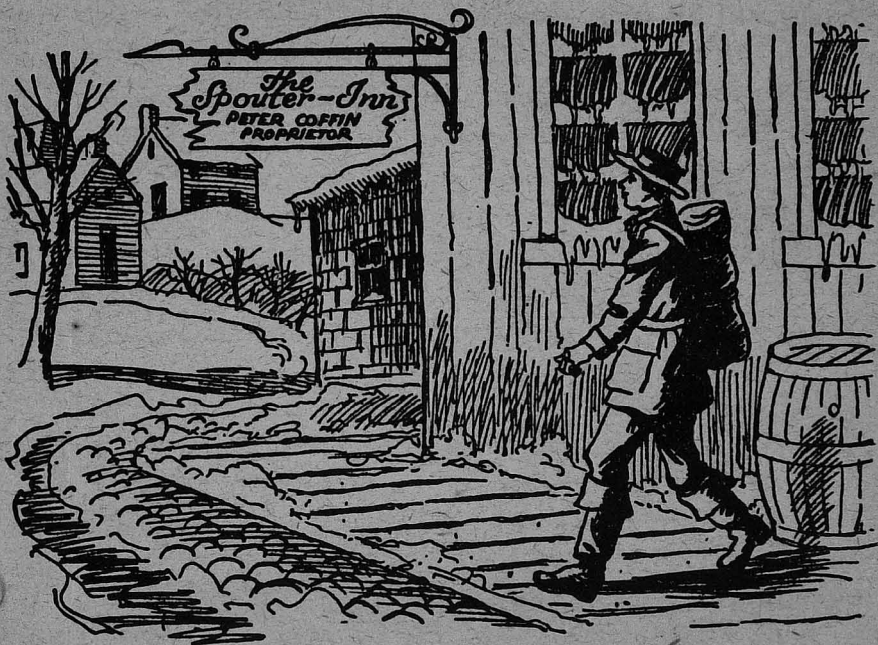
is indicated by an asterisk. The new words are also listed alphabetically at the back of the book.

Attention is directed to the wealth of exercises for conversational purposes, as well as to the vocabulary and idiom drills, which follow each chapter.

R.J.D.

October 1953

CHAPTER 1



Finally, I came to a place called "The Spouter-Inn"

A

You may call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long exactly—having little money and nothing in particular to interest me on land, I thought I would go to sea*. In this way I could travel and see part of the world. Whenever I feel myself low in spirits, when life seems suddenly of little importance and death almost attractive*; or when I feel myself angry at everyone and at the world in general, then I consider it time to go to sea as soon as possible. There is really nothing surprising in this. If they only knew it, almost all men have the same feeling toward

the sea as I have. Wherever* you go or wherever you are, all roads lead down to the sea. There seems to be some strange beauty* or attraction* about the sea that draws all things and all men toward it.

Now, of course, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea, I do not mean that I ever go as a passenger*. For to go to sea as a passenger, you first of all need money. Also, passengers get sea sick. They grow angry. They don't sleep well at night. As a general thing, they don't enjoy themselves very much. No, I never go as a passenger. I don't go either as the captain* of the ship or even as the cook. I leave all the problems of such officials to those who like them. For my part, it is as much as I can do to take care of myself without taking care of the ship as well.

No, when I go to sea, I go as a simple sailor.* I live in the lower part of the ship and climb* to the highest* part. True, they often order me about and make me run from here to there. At first, this kind of thing is rather unpleasant, specially if one comes from a good family or if, just before going to sea, one has been teaching school and ordering about even the tallest boys in the school. But this is not important. Each of us, in his own way, is the servant of someone else. All of us must follow the orders of some person or other.

Again, I always go to sea as a sailor because they make a point of paying me. They never pay passengers a penny, that I ever heard of. In fact, passengers themselves must pay. And there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid. The action of paying is always a little unpleasant. But *being paid*—that is something quite different.

However, as to why I should now take it into my head to go to sea on a whaling* ship, this is something I cannot answer. Perhaps it was all a part of the great plan of my life drawn up long ago in heaven by God himself. Or per-

haps I was influenced by the fact that the whale itself has always interested me greatly. I was curious to find out more about him. The wild seas where he lives, the dangerous* life of those who follow his course through these seas—all this attracted me. I also love things which are far away and difficult to reach. The idea of traveling to far places and of landing on wild and distant* shores* has always excited me.

Anyway, it so happened that I put what few clothes I owned into a box and started out for Cape Horn and the Pacific. I went first to New Bedford, Massachusetts. It was a cold winter night when I arrived there. I was very unhappy to learn that the little boat* for Nantucket had already left. This meant that there was no way of reaching Nantucket for another two days.

Most young men who wish to find work as whalers go to New Bedford. They remain there and find work on one of the many New Bedford whaling boats. But I had no idea of doing this. My mind was made up to sail* on no other than a Nantucket boat. There was something about the town of Nantucket that always interested and pleased me. Though New Bedford has of late become far more important than Nantucket in the business of whaling, still Nantucket was the first town from which men had gone out to sea to look for whales. It seemed more like the real home of the whaling business. The story goes that the first men who sailed out from Nantucket after whales carried with them large stones* to throw at the whales. They threw these stones in order to find out whether they were close enough to try throwing a harpoon* from their little boats.

B

Having a night, a day, and still another night before me in New Bedford, it naturally became a matter of importance

to me where I was to sleep and eat. I passed by several places but they all looked too expensive. I had so little money with me that I had to be very careful as to where I stopped. But finally I came to a place called "The Spouter Inn," the owner being a person named Peter Coffin, which seemed to be more or less the kind of a place I was looking for. Now the word *coffin** is not one to make anyone feel very happy or to attract one at once into a place—but I happened to know that there were many people of this name who lived in this section of New England. Too, the place looked old, dark, and not at all inviting. It stood on the corner of an ugly street. The wind, as it blew all around the house, made an unpleasant, haunting sound. Yes, I told myself, this is just the place for a poor man like me. The price is no doubt within my means. I can rest here for a time—and, who knows, the food may be even good.

I went in. The place inside looked even less attractive than outside. One entered a long dark hall which opened at last into the so-called public room. Several young men, all of them men of the sea, were sitting around in this public room. On the walls of the room hung all kinds of strange looking articles used on ships and, particularly, in the business of whaling. These included knives* of many kinds and harpoons of several different styles. Most of the knives and harpoons were old and broken, but all were rather frightening in appearance. I found the owner and told him that I wanted a room for the night. He said the place was full and that there was not a free bed to be had anywhere. "But wait!" he said after a moment. "You don't mind sleeping in the same bed with a harpooner—do you? I suppose you're going whaling, so you better get used to that kind of thing."

I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed and, anyway, I would first like to know who the harpooner was.

On the other hand, if there was no other place for me, I supposed I would have to put up with sleeping with another person.

"I thought so," he answered. "All right. Take a chair. I'm sure you'll want something to eat first. Dinner will be ready soon."

I sat down at a table which stood near. A sailor who sat at the other end was busy cutting figures into the wood with his knife. No one paid any attention to him. Soon four or five other men came and sat down at the same table. Dinner was then brought to us. It was not much of a dinner, but the food was simple and good. There was also enough of it to please anyone. While we were eating, I asked the owner whether the harpooner was one of the men who sat at the table with me.

"Oh, no," he said, laughing. "The harpooner is a very dark-skinned* man. But he'll be here before long."

A dark-skinned man. This made me a little curious and also a little uncomfortable. I began to think that perhaps the man might not be too clean a person. Also being a harpooner, he might not be too polite in manner or too particular about the clothes he wore in bed and out of bed. Suppose he should arrive very late at night—how could I tell from what awful place he might have come. I called to the owner.

"I've changed my mind about that harpooner," I said. "I don't want to sleep with him. I'll try sleeping on some chairs here."

"Just as you please," said the owner.

Accordingly, soon after dinner was over, I placed two of the chairs together and prepared to use them as a bed. But I soon found that, even though I was very tired, the chairs were too uncomfortable to sleep on. A cold wind also blew over me from the window and the open door. I saw that this plan would not do at all. I began to think

that perhaps I had been mistaken in my ideas about the harpooner. I decided to wait for him. He would no doubt be coming in soon.

Exercises

A

1. What is the name of the man who tells this story? 2. When did he always consider it time for him to go to sea? 3. What does he mean when he says that "all roads lead down to the sea"? 4. What are some of the reasons he gives for never going to sea as a passenger? 5. Why does he never go as a captain or as a cook either? 6. What kind of work had Ishmael been doing just before going to sea? 7. How does he explain the fact that he finally decided to go to sea on a whaling ship? 8. To what town in Massachusetts did he first go? 9. Why did he wish to sail out of Nantucket rather than from New Bedford? 10. Why did the first whalers to sail out of Nantucket throw stones at the whales? 11. Give the adjective form of these nouns: *danger*, *attraction*, *distance*, *whale*, *beauty*. 12. Use these in sentences: *nothing in particular*, *of course*, *get sick*, *sea-sick*, *to hear of*, *to draw up*, *to find out*, *to start out for*, *to make up one's mind*.

B

1. Why did Ishmael have to be careful as to where he stopped for the night? 2. To what place did he finally come? 3. What was the name of the owner of The Spouter-Inn? 4. Were there many or few people by this name in this particular section of New England? 5. Why did Ishmael finally decide that the ugly-looking Spouter-Inn would be just the right place for him? 6. Was the place inside more attractive or less attractive than outside? 7. What different things hung on the walls of the public room? 8. Why was Ishmael forced to take a room with another person? 9. Why did he decide not to sleep in the same bed with the harpooner? 10. What caused him to change his mind later and to agree to such an arrangement? 11. Use these in sentences, first, as nouns, and, second, as verbs: *cook*, *call*, *order*, *head*, *interest*, *place*, *blow*, *sleep*, *figure*, *laugh*, *plan*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to pass by*, *no doubt*, *within one's means*, *for a time*, *to get used to*, *on the other hand*, *to pay attention to*, *before long*, *to change one's mind*.

CHAPTER 2

A

But though other sailors kept coming in by ones, twos, and threes, and going to bed, yet there was no sign of the harpooner. I went to find Mr. Coffin, the owner.

"Mr. Coffin," said I. "What kind of person is this harpooner anyway? Does he always keep such late hours?"

Mr. Coffin laughed and seemed pleased at something I did not understand. "No," he said, "generally he's an early bird—early to bed and early to rise. But tonight he's out selling, and I don't know what in the world is keeping him so long . . . unless* he can't sell his head."

"Can't sell his head? What kind of a story is this you are telling me? Do you mean to say that the harpooner is really out trying to sell his head around town?"

"That's exactly it," said the owner. "And I told him he wouldn't be able to sell it here. There are too many of them being sold already. And it's specially difficult to sell a broken one, like his."

"Mr. Coffin," I said, going up very close to him. "You and I must understand each other—and right away. I come to your house and want a bed. You tell me you can give me only half a one; the other half belongs to a certain harpooner. And about the harpooner you continue to tell me the strangest stories. You say he is out somewhere trying to sell his head. Is this harpooner completely out of his mind? If so, I have no idea of sleeping with such a person. Legally, you have no right to do these things to me."

"Well," said Mr. Coffin. "You really make it look like a very serious matter. But take it easy. This harpooner has just arrived from the South* Seas. While there he bought up several specially prepared heads. To be sure, these are the heads of real people. But you have probably heard how the people of the South Seas can take the head of a dead person and by some special means make it grow smaller and smaller until it becomes about the size* of your hand. Then these heads are sold. To me, they are ugly looking things. But some people like to hang them on the wall or put them on the chimney piece. The harpooner has sold all of his heads but one, and he's out trying to sell that one tonight because tomorrow* is Sunday, and it wouldn't be good to be selling people's heads on the street when everyone is going to church."

These words of the owner cleared up the matter pretty well for me. I saw that, after all, Mr. Coffin was not trying to put anything over on me. I therefore decided to go upstairs and go to bed. Mr. Coffin went along to show me the way. He took me to a room that had the largest bed in it I had ever seen in my life.

"There," said he. "You'll find that there's easily enough room for two in that bed. It's the very bed my wife and I slept in the night we got married. Now make yourself comfortable and good night to you."

The owner left and, soon after, I got into bed. Before long I fell into a light sleep. I don't know how long I slept—but presently I heard someone outside in the hall. The door opened and light came into the room.

God help me now, I thought. This must be the harpooner, the seller of heads. But I remained very quiet and decided not to say anything until spoken to. Holding a light in his one hand and the South Seas head in his other, the man entered the room. He paid no attention to me and went directly toward a kind of box in the corner of

the room where he kept his things. He put the lamp on the floor and began to look through this box. First, he put the head he was carrying into this box. At the same time he drew out a kind of tomahawk*. This tomahawk he placed on a chair which stood near. Then he turned around. Good Heavens! Such a face! His skin was of a dark yellow* color*. Here and there, all over his face, there were also large dark marks. Yes, it's just as I thought, I said to myself. This harpooner is an awful person. He has been in a fight somewhere, gotten badly cut, and the doctor has tried to fix him up. But when he turned more to the light I saw that these dark marks covered his neck as well as his face. Certainly, he was the strangest looking person I had ever seen in my life. There was not a hair on his head. Later, when he began to undress, I saw that the same ugly marks covered his whole body. I finally decided that he must be some wild kind of savage* from the South Seas. Probably he had gotten work on some whaling boat* or had run away from his own country. Possibly the heads he was selling might be the heads of his own brothers, or of persons he himself had killed. What if he now suddenly decided that he would like to have my head to sell on the streets! If the man had not stood between me and the door, I certainly would have run from the room as quickly as I could.

B

But there was little time for such thoughts. He now went about doing something that held my attention even more. From the coat* that he had hung on the back of a chair he now took out, from one of the pockets, something that looked like another head—but it was much larger. It seemed more like the figure of a small child. It was black as the night in color. At first I thought that perhaps it was the

body of a real child which had been made smaller in the same way that the heads which he sold had been made smaller. But I soon saw that the thing was made of a hard, black material—probably a special kind of wood. It had been cut into its present state. The man now carried this figure to the chimney place, where he put it carefully on the floor. He placed some small pieces of wood around it and at some distance from it. These pieces of wood he then lighted, making a small fire*. Clearly, the figure was representative to him of some God. He next took some pieces of food from his pocket and offered them to the figure. But the little black god didn't seem to like what was given him and never opened his mouth. All this time the savage kept singing some strange kind of song in a very low voice. Then suddenly he stopped. He put out the fire and picked up the little black god. He put it away in the box with his other things. After a moment he took his tomahawk from the chair. He first examined the head of the tomahawk carefully; then he put the end of the long handle into his mouth. The tomahawk proved to be a kind of pipe*. He lighted this pipe and began to smoke*. Before I could say a word he had put out the lamp and gotten into bed. The tomahawk was still in his mouth and he went on smoking, blowing the smoke noisily all the time from his mouth.

I cried out. I could not help it. This was too much—being in bed with a wild savage who smoked calmly away on a tomahawk. I moved away from him as far as I could over toward the wall and asked him, whoever he might be, to let me get up and light the lamp. He made some strange sounds in his throat, and I began to see that he did not understand me.

“Who the devil are you?” he seemed to say. His English was so poor that I could not understand him easily; but what he said sounded something like this: “If you don't

“speak, I kill you.” So saying, he began to move the lighted tomahawk above my head.

“Help! Help!” I cried. “Peter Coffin! Come and get me out of here. Help me!”

“Speak! Tell me who you are or I kill you,” continued the savage. But thank heavens, the owner at that moment came into the room, light in hand. Probably he had felt something like this might happen. I ran up to him.

“Don’t be afraid,” the owner said smiling happily. “Queequeg won’t touch a hair of your head.”

“Stop your foolish smiling,” I said. “Why didn’t you tell me this harpooner was a man-eating savage?”

“I thought you knew it—didn’t I tell you he was out selling heads around town? But you go back to bed and get to sleep,” said Mr. Coffin, still smiling. Then he turned to the savage, saying, “Queequeg, look here. You understand—this man will sleep with you. You understand?”

“I understand enough,” said Queequeg in his poor English. He went on smoking his pipe, sitting up calmly in bed. Then the savage turned to me and said: “You get in” He held the bed covers to one side for me. His voice was pleasant. His manner seemed almost gentle. I stood looking at him for a moment. Despite the tattoo* marks that covered almost his whole body, he was a clean, good-looking savage. “What’s all the trouble I have been making?” I said to myself. “This savage is probably just as good a man as I am. The only real difference between us is the color of our skin. He probably has as much reason to be afraid of me as I of him.”

“Mr. Coffin,” I said. “Then tell him to put away his tomahawk—if that’s what you call that thing he’s smoking, and I will turn in with him. But I don’t like having a person I don’t know smoking in bed with me in the dark. It’s dangerous.”

This being told to Queequeg, he at once agreed. Again

he told me politely to get into bed with him. He moved far over to his side as much as to say—I won't touch a hair of you. I turned in, and never slept better in my life.

Exercises

A

1. Did Mr. Coffin say that the harpooner usually kept early or late hours? 2. What was the harpooner trying to sell? 3. What particular kind of head was the harpooner trying to sell? 4. Where had he himself gotten the head? 5. Why would it have been difficult for him to sell his head the following day? 6. For what purpose did the harpooner, when he finally arrived, use the tomahawk which he took from his sea-box? 7. With what kind of marks were the harpooner's face and neck covered? 8. Did he have much or little hair on his head? 9. Was Ishmael greatly frightened or not at all frightened by the general appearance of the harpooner? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *unless, tomahawk, yellow, color, savage*. 11. Which of the following words is not spelled correctly: *chimney, laughed, comfortable, upstairs*? 12. Use these in sentences: *right away, out of one's mind, to take it easy, all but one, to clear up the matter, to put something over on someone, to go upstairs, to make oneself comfortable, to look through, to turn around*.

B

1. What did the harpooner take out from the coat that hung on the chair? 2. Of what color was this thing that he took from his coat? 3. Of what kind of material was it made? 4. What did he place around it after putting it in the fire-place? 5. What did the figure represent to the harpooner? 6. What did the tomahawk finally turn out to be? 7. Why could Ishmael not keep from crying out? 8. Did the harpooner speak English well or badly? 9. Do you speak English well or badly? 10. Despite the tattoo marks that covered Queequeg's body, was he a clean, good-looking savage or an ugly one? 11. Give the past tense of these verbs: *put, turn, make, say, tell, touch, sleep, stop, blow, begin, speak, light, cry*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to go about doing something, at first, to be made of, to put out, to get into bed, to run up to, to get to sleep, to put away, to turn in*.

CHAPTER 3

I may as well say right here that, despite this bad beginning, Queequeg and I later became the best of friends. The next day, while taking a walk around the town, I visited a certain church which had become well-known as a church for whaling men. To my surprise, I saw Queequeg sitting alone at one side of the church. He seemed to take a great interest in everything that went on. This impressed me favorably.*

Also, when I returned to "The Spouter-Inn" I found him sitting in the public room doing his best to understand one of the books he had picked up there. He turned the book in different positions and looked at the words carefully. Without appearing to be watching him, I studied his face carefully. His forehead* was high, and the expression of his face was that of an intelligent person. He did not speak or pay any attention to me at all. I thought this a little strange since we had slept in the same bed the night before and already knew each other. It was true, however, that he had gotten up in the morning earlier than I and had left without our really talking together. But savages are strange beings;* at times one does not know how to take them. I had seen that Queequeg kept completely to himself and was not friendly with any of the other sailors. Yet he seemed to be a person of good character and to have none of the bad habits of the usual sailor. I also had the feeling that he was the kind of man who might, in time, prove to be a true friend. I drew my chair up close to his and made friendly signs, doing my best to talk with

him. Although at first he continued to pay little attention to me, I soon saw that he was pleased by the interest I was taking in him.

We then looked through the book together, and I tried to explain to him the meaning of certain of the pictures. He was very much interested. I happened to say that I should like a smoke, and at once he brought out his tomahawk-pipe and lit it. He passed it to me and I began to smoke. Then he took the pipe from me, smoked it a little himself, and passed it back to me. The pipe passed between us in this way several times. This seemed to be a sign to him that now we were great friends. Finally, when we had finished smoking, he placed his forehead against mine, put his great arms around me and said that, from this time on, we were married, meaning, according to the customs of his country, that we were very close friends. He said he would gladly die for me if necessary. In any other person this show of becoming such good friends so soon would have seemed a little strange, but I could see that this simple savage was speaking to me directly from his heart and that he meant everything he said.

After dinner and another smoke together on Queequeg's tomahawk-pipe, we went to our room. He made me a present of the head he had been trying to sell. He also took from his box about thirty dollars in gold. Putting the money on the table he divided it into two parts. One half he kept for himself and the other half he gave to me. I told him that I could not possibly accept all this money, but he pushed my half into my trouser* pocket. I let it remain there. He then went about his usual nightly custom of praying before his little black god. He placed the little figure in the fire-place* exactly as he had done the night before. Later he kissed the little figure several times and then put it away in his box for the night. We both undressed and went to bed. We did not go to sleep right

away, but talked for some time. In his broken English, Queequeg told me something of his past history.

Queequeg was born on the island* of Kokovoko, far away in the South Seas. It is a small island, not even appearing on any map. His father was king* of the small island; all his uncles and other members of his family were persons of some importance. As a young man, Queequeg had always wished to leave the island and see something of the world. His reason for this was that he hoped to learn about the ways of other, more important countries, so that he might return one day and help his people to enjoy a fuller and better life. A New England ship happened to visit his island, and Queequeg tried to sail away on it. However, the captain of the ship, having all the men he needed, refused to take him along. All his father's influence could not help him. Therefore, Queequeg followed the boat at night in his small canoe*. When the ship was passing near one end of the island, Queequeg climbed over the sides in the dark and got on. The captain found him the next morning when they were well out to sea. The captain said he would throw him into the sea, but Queequeg fought with the men who tried to take hold of him and refused to leave. The way in which Queequeg fought made such an impression upon the captain that he finally decided to let him remain. Queequeg was sent to live and work with the whalers. He became one of them. Later he proved to be so good at throwing the harpoon that he was made a harpooner. The position of harpooner is one of the most important on any whaling boat.

Queequeg had now been working on whaling boats for many years. He no longer thought about returning to his own country to lead his people. He did not know whether his father was still alive* or not. But he had found that the habits and customs of the people of other countries were no better than those of his own country. In some

ways, they were far worse. His people led a very simple life—but it was a good life, and Queequeg now felt that there was no reason for him to try to change them. He also felt that he was no longer the right person to be their king. For the present, therefore, he planned to continue to sail about and see the world. I told him that it was also my plan to get work on a whaling ship and that I was leaving the next day for Nantucket. He at once decided to go to Nantucket with me, get work on the same ship, get into the same watch, and, in short, be with me all the time. I readily agreed to this; for I already felt great affection for Queequeg. Too, he was an experienced whaler and harpooner and could no doubt be of great help to a person like me who knew so little about the whole business of whaling.

Exercises

1. What church did Ishmael visit the next day while taking a walk around the town? 2. Whom did he see sitting there? 3. Was Ishmael impressed favorably or unfavorably at seeing Queequeg in church? 4. Why did Ishmael have the feeling that Queequeg might prove in time to be a true friend? 5. How did Queequeg and Ishmael smoke Queequeg's tomahawk pipe together? 6. When Queequeg said that from this time on they were to be close friends, why did Ishmael at once believe him? 7. What did Queequeg do with the thirty dollars in gold which he took from his sea-box? 8. On what island had Queequeg been born? 9. What position did Queequeg's father hold on this island? 10. Why had Queequeg wished to leave this island? 11. Why had he now changed his mind about returning home? 12. What were his present plans? 13. Why did Ishmael readily agree to have Queequeg go with him to Nantucket to find work on a whaling ship? 14. Which of the following past tense forms are pronounced as words of one syllable and which as words of two syllables: *seemed, picked, turned, looked, pleased, passed, placed, wanted, pushed, needed, kissed, talked*. 15. Use these in sentences: *to take a walk, to pick up, at all, at times, in time, to do one's best, to look through, according to, to make a present of, for the present, in short, no doubt*.

CHAPTER 4



Queequeg caught one young farm boy laughing at him

A

The next morning, therefore, Queequeg and I left together for Nantucket. We carried all our things down to the little boat, paid our way, and got on. Soon the boat started down the Acushnet River*. On one side New Bedford rose before us, the streets all shining in the clear, cold air. The fresh wind from the sea felt good—at last I had the feeling that I was leaving the land behind me and starting out to sea. Queequeg, too, seemed to experience the same sensation; for his face lighted up, and he appeared just as

pleased and excited as I. After a time, as we entered the more open water, the ship began to roll* heavily. In order to remain standing, we had to move from one side of the ship to the other. So busy were we with all of this that we paid little attention to the other passengers, many of whom were looking at us with great interest. They seemed to think it strange for a white man like myself to be so friendly with a dark-skinned savage such as Queequeg. It is true that Queequeg made a rather strange looking figure, with his long serious face, his great shoulders, and his high hat which made him look even more of a giant* than he really was. Queequeg happened to turn around and catch one young farm boy laughing at him behind his back. I thought the young man's hour of death had arrived. Queequeg picked him up, threw him high into the air, and, as the young man fell, turned him over and put him down again on his feet. The poor boy was frightened almost to death. Queequeg, however, turning his back to the young man, calmly lighted his tomahawk-pipe and passed it to me to smoke.

"Captain! Captain! cried the young man, running over to where the captain stood. "Captain, here's the devil himself."

The captain came up to Queequeg. "What in the world do you mean by that?" he said. "Don't you know that you might have killed that young man?"

Queequeg turned to me. "What did he say?" he asked in his broken English.

"He said," I explained, "that you came near killing the young man."

"Kill him?" said Queequeg, with an expression on his face showing he considered the matter of very little importance. "Queequeg does not kill such a small fish*. Queequeg kill only big whale."

"Look you," said the captain. "I'll kill you, you wild

man, if you try anything like that on my ship again. You better watch out."

But it so happened that it was high time for the captain to watch out. The strong wind had torn loose* one of the sails, and the lower part of the sail now flew* from one side of the ship to the other, carrying everything before it. Several passengers were knocked down and sent rolling along the deck*. The young man whom Queequeg had handled so roughly* was carried over the side of the ship. He fell into the sea. Everyone was very much excited without knowing what to do. The captain ran from side to side calling out orders to which no one paid any attention. Queequeg seemed the only calm person present. He picked up one of the ship's ropes and, as the sail passed over his head, he threw the rope over one end of it. He then held on strongly to the rope, and the sail stopped moving. Several of the ship's sailors ran to help him, and soon the sail was put back into place. The course of the ship was now changed. The ship turned back to where the young man had fallen into the water. A small boat was lowered to go after him. However, while all this was going on Queequeg had taken off his coat and hat and had thrown himself in a long dive* over the side of the ship. For three minutes he was seen swimming* around, showing his great, wide shoulders and throwing his long arms before him. But the young man had gone down for the last time and was not to be seen anywhere.

Queequeg looked around him to see how matters were and then, rising high in the water, dove down and disappeared. A few minutes more and he rose again, swimming ahead and pulling* the young man, who appeared to be dead, behind him. The boat soon picked them up. The young man was brought back to life; everyone on the boat now considered Queequeg to be a great man. Even the captain came to thank him for everything he had done.

From that hour on, I remained close to Queequeg's side—yes, until poor Queequeg took his last long dive.

B

Nothing more happened on the way to Nantucket and we arrived there late in the afternoon. Nantucket is an island, completely given over to the business of fishing and shipping. The people who live there know no other life. They are servants to the sea, which is all around them. They work and live away from the land, and when at times they return to it, it looks and smells* like another world. We went directly to a place which Mr. Coffin, owner of "The Spouter-Inn," had told us about. The owners of the place, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, were cousins of his. We took a room there and, after a good fish and sea food dinner started upstairs to go to bed. Mrs. Hussey stopped us. Much to our surprise she told us that she could not let Queequeg take his harpoon along with him to his room. "Why not?" said I. "Every true harpooner sleeps with his harpoon." "Because it's dangerous," said she. "Ever since that young sailor Stiggs came back after being at sea three and a half years, and was found dead in one of my rooms with his harpoon in his side, I don't let anyone take such dangerous things to their rooms at night. So Mr. Queequeg" (for she had learned his name) "I will just take your harpoon and keep it for you until the morning. And what kind of fish* will you have for breakfast, men?"

"Fish again?" I asked. "For breakfast?"

"That's all we eat here," she said. "Fish and sea food! You can have any kind of fish you like but fish it must be."

Later, in our room, we made plans for the next day. But to my surprise Queequeg now gave me to understand that he had several times talked the matter over with Yojo—the name of his little black god—and Yojo had decided

that, instead of our going out together to find a whaler on which to work, I should go out alone and pick out the boat by myself. Queequeg always talked with Yojo about all important matters and followed the little black god's advice* in everything. As for myself, I did not like this plan at all. I knew nothing at all about whaling boats and had thought that Queequeg's long years of experience with them would be of great help to us. But nothing I could say was of any importance. Queequeg's mind was made up. Therefore, the next morning, all alone, I started out to find a ship for us on which to sail. When I left, Queequeg was smoking his tomahawk-pipe. He was also sitting on the floor before his little black god Yojo, whom he had put in the fire-place. It seemed that this particular day was a special religious* day for Queequeg. He was not going to eat or drink and must pass the whole day praying before his little black god. He had put pieces of wood on all sides of the little black figure and was now preparing to light the usual fire around it.

I walked about the town for some time and found that there were then only three whaling ships ready to make the long three-year trip* of the kind Queequeg and I were interested in. I visited all three of the ships. After looking over each one carefully, I decided that, of the three, I liked the *Pequod* best. It was not that the *Pequod* was a new boat or a particularly good one. But it gave the impression of being strongly built and of having weathered many a storm* in all kinds of wild and distant seas. She was clearly a ship of the old school, rather small if anything, and, as might be supposed from its general appearance, heavy and slow in manner. Her masts*—cut somewhere on the shores of Japan, where her first ones were lost in a storm—stood up proudly like three kings at some official celebration. Her decks were old and worn; deeply marked and lined, they brought to mind the face of some old man who

had passed a life time at sea. Yet everything about the ship seemed to be in good condition. It was easy to see that someone, either the captain or the owners, had looked after the ship carefully and seen to it that she was given every attention necessary.

Exercises

A

1. For what town did Ishmael and Queequeg leave the next morning?
2. Why did Ishmael feel at last that he was leaving the land behind him?
3. Why did the other passengers look at him and Queequeg with great interest?
4. What happened when Queequeg caught one young farm boy laughing at him behind his back?
5. What did the captain say to Queequeg about all this?
6. What had the strong wind done to one of the sails?
7. What did Queequeg do in this situation?
8. What happened when the young man whom Queequeg had handled so roughly fell into the sea?
9. Who finally brought him back on board?
10. Use these new words in sentences: *river, roll, giant, fish, loose, fly, deck, rough, dive, pull*.
11. Give the noun form of these adjectives: *interesting, strange, serious, high, strong, wide, important*.
12. Use these in sentences: *to pick up, frightened to death, to turn one's back to, to watch out, to knock down, to bring back to life*.

B

1. Why does the author say that the people of Nantucket are servants to the sea?
2. Why did Mrs. Hussey not let Queequeg take his harpoon with him to his room?
3. Why did Queequeg tell Ishmael to go out alone to find a ship for them both to work on?
4. Why did Ishmael not wish to go alone?
5. What ship did Ishmael like the best among the three which he visited?
6. Did the ship give the impression of being well-built or poorly built?
7. Was the *Pequod* a new ship or one which had passed through many a storm?
8. Near what country had its first masts been lost?
9. Had the ship been well cared for or badly cared for?
10. Use these new words in sentences: *small, advice, religious, trip, storm, mast*.
11. Which of the following verbs has the same form in the past tense as in the present tense: *eat, go, take, put, let, keep, make, know, give, out*?
12. Use these in sentences: *on the way, at times, to pick out, as for myself, to bring to mind, to look after*.

CHAPTER 5

A

I went on board*. Sitting toward the back part of the ship was a man who seemed to be someone of importance. He was an old man and wore the clothes of a ship's official.

"Are you the captain of the *Pequod*?" I asked.

"Supposing I were—what would you want of him?"

"I was thinking of signing on the ship as a sailor."

"You were—were you? I see that you are not from Nantucket. Ever work on a whaler? Do you know anything about whaling?"

"Not very much. But I have worked on other kinds of ships."

"And I suppose you are proud of that. Well, such experience is of no importance on a whaler. And what makes you think you want to go whaling? Did you murder someone and want to run away? Did you steal from your last captain?"

"No—I just want to see what whaling is like. I also want to see the world."

"You want to see what whaling is, eh? Have you ever taken a look at Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab?"

"I thought so. Captain Ahab is captain of this boat."

"I am mistaken, then. I thought I was speaking to Captain Ahab."

"You're speaking to Captain Peleg, young man. This boat belongs to me and Captain Bildad. We're the owners. We're getting it ready for its next trip. But, as I was going

to say, if you want to see what whaling is, you can find out by taking a look at Captain Ahab. You will find that he has only one leg*."

"What do you mean? Was the other one lost to a whale?"

"Lost to a whale? Young man, that leg was cut off and eaten up by the biggest whale that ever followed a boat."

Our conversation went on more or less in this way. Captain Peleg was clearly a difficult kind of person, with little wish to believe anything a stranger like me, who did not come from Nantucket, might say. But I had set* my mind on going whaling and was not to be put off in this way by anything he said.

"Are you the kind of a man who can throw a harpoon down a whale's throat and then jump* in after it?" he asked me.

"I am—if it should be really necessary to do so," I answered.

"Good—but now you say you want to go whaling to see the world. Look over the side of the ship there—what do you see? Water, water—nothing but water. That's about as much of the world as you will see from a whaler—even going around Cape Horn to see more of it."

I said that, in any case, I planned to go whaling in one ship or the other and that I thought the *Pequod* as good a ship as any. This seemed to please the old man and he grew a little more friendly.

"I suppose you may as well sign the papers, then," he said at last. "But you'll have to come with me to talk with Captain Bildad, the other owner, first."

We went below and there met the strange figure of Captain Bildad. In general appearance he was rather like Captain Peleg in that he, too, was clearly a man who had spent* all his life at sea. Captain Bildad was taller, thinner, and the expression on his face even less kindly than that of Captain Peleg. He sat reading his Bible.

"Bildad!" cried Captain Peleg. "At it again, eh? You have been studying that Bible now for more than thirty years that I know of. How far have you got?"

As if long accustomed to such talk from the other, Captain Bildad paid no attention to these words. But he looked up at me questioningly as if to ask who I was.

"He says he's our man, Bildad," said Captain Peleg. "And he wants to sign on with us."

"Do you?" asked Bildad, with little show of interest.

"I do," I said.

"What do you think of him?" asked Peleg.

"He'll do," said Bildad looking me over and then going back to reading his Bible.

Peleg now opened an old sea box, drew out a pen and ship's papers for me to sign, and sat down at a table. I began to think that it was high time we talked about the important matter of money. How much was I to be paid for my work? I well knew that those who work on whaling ships are not paid by the week or by the month but receive a part of the ship's profits* at the end of the long trip. All hands, even the captain, were paid in this way, each one receiving a large or small *part* according to the importance of his work on the ship. Someone like me, for example, without experience, might expect to receive perhaps the 275th part of the profit. The 275th part seemed to be about right for me because, though without direct experience on whaling boats, I was a rather strong, broad-shouldered man and had worked on other ships before. As though reading my thoughts, Peleg turned to Bildad.

"Well, Captain Bildad," he said. "What *part* shall be given this young man?"

"You know best," said Bildad without looking up from his Bible. "The 777th part wouldn't be too much, would it?"

Now seven hundred and seventy seven may seem like a large figure to anyone who works on land, but to the whaling man the 777th part of anything is very small. It comes out to almost nothing. I had never held any hopes of becoming rich by working on a whaling boat, but this was even far less than I expected.

"Heavens, Bildad!" said Peleg. "You don't want to take advantage* of this young man. He can't work for nothing. I'm going to put him down for the 300th *part*—do you hear that, Bildad?"

Bildad put down his book and turned slowly to Peleg. He said that as owners of the boat they must act with great care in such matters. An argument* then took place in which there was a good deal* of name calling on both sides. At one point I felt sure the two men would come to blows. I began to think that perhaps this was not the right boat for me to work on after all. Then the fight stopped as suddenly as it had began. The two men were as friendly again as if nothing had happened.

"Now, then, young man," said Peleg, sitting down again and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "The storm's over. Ishmael's your name, didn't you say? Well, down you go here, Ishmael, for the three hundredth part—no matter what anyone else may say."

"Captain Peleg," I said. "I have a friend with me who wants to ship out too. Shall I bring him down tomorrow?"

"To be sure," said Peleg. "Bring him around and we'll look him over."

"What *part* does he want?" said Bildad, who had gone back to reading his Bible.

"Oh, never mind about that," said Peleg. "Has he ever whaled any?" turning to me.

"Killed more whales than probably any man on this boat," I said.

"Well, bring him around then."

After signing the papers I went off, thinking that I had done a good morning's work and that the *Pequod* was the exact ship that Yojo had really chosen* for Queequeg and me to sail on. But I had not gone far when I remembered that I had not yet seen the captain of the ship. It is true that while a ship is being gotten ready for a long trip the captain often remains on shore, leaving all such work to the owners. But I felt it was a mistake not to know anything about the man under whom I must work for so long a time. Whaling trips generally lasted three to four years. I went back to where Captain Peleg was and asked him where Captain Ahab was to be found.

"And what do you want of Captain Ahab? It's all right—you are already signed on," said Peleg.

"Yes, but I should like to see him."

"But I don't think you will at present. I don't know exactly what's the matter with him, but he keeps close inside the house. He's rather sick—yet he doesn't look so. He won't see me, young man, so I don't suppose he'll see you either. He's a strange man, Captain Ahab—but a good one. You'll like him, never fear. He's a big, god-like man. He doesn't speak much, but when he does you may well listen. Ahab's a very special kind of person. He has studied much and been to college*. He has traveled and knows the whole world. He isn't Captain Peleg; no, he isn't Captain Bildad: *he's Ahab!* And Ahab of old, as you know from your Bible, was a king."

"And a very bad king, too," I said. "When he died, he was left where he fell, and the dogs* came to drink his blood."

"Listen, young man," said Peleg, coming up very close to me. "Never say anything like that on board the *Pequod*."

Never say it anywhere. Captain Ahab did not name himself—it was his foolish mother who did it. I know Ahab well. He is not a very happy appearing man, or a very religious* man—but he's a good one. I know that on the last trip he was a little out of his mind—but it was the pain* in his leg that made him so. I know too that ever since he lost his leg to that whale he has seemed angry at times, even a little savage—but that will all pass off. He has a wife, a young girl whom he married only three trips ago. He has a child by her—do you think such a man can be bad at heart?"

I walked away without saying anything and left the ship. But I was not very happy with what I had been told about Captain Ahab.

Exercises

A

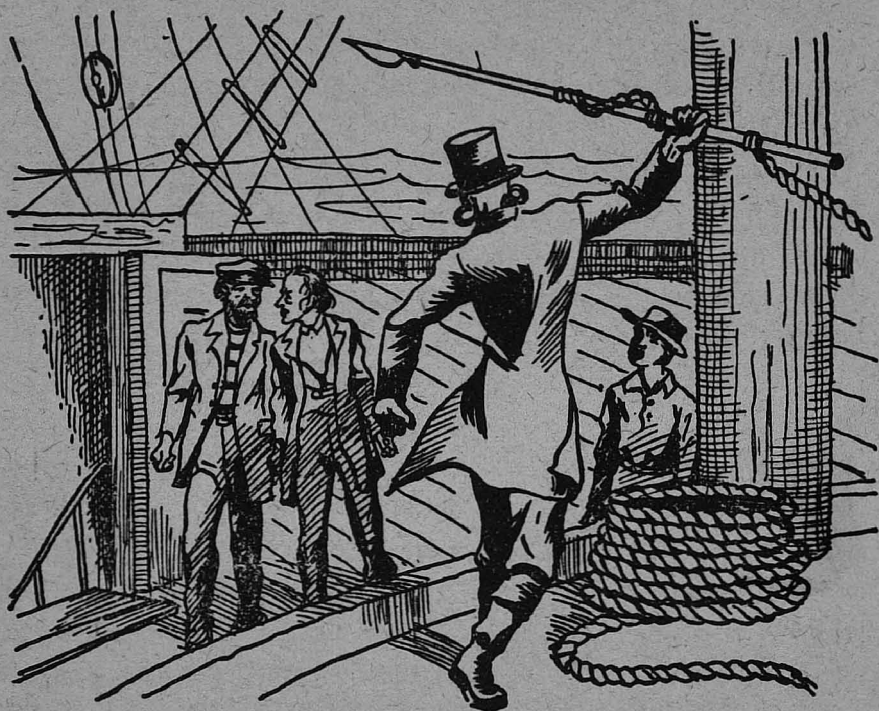
1. Whom did Ishmael first meet when he went on board the *Pequod*?
2. Was Captain Peleg the captain of the *Pequod* or one of its owners?
3. Who was the other owner?
4. What were the reasons which Ishmael gave for wanting to work on a whaling ship?
5. What was the name of the real captain of the *Pequod*?
6. Why did Captain Peleg say that Ishmael could find out what whaling was really like by taking a look at Captain Ahab?
7. How much of the world did Captain Peleg say Ishmael would see by working on a whaling ship?
8. In what way was the appearance of Captain Bildad similar to that of Captain Peleg?
9. What book was Captain Bildad reading at the time?
10. Are men who work on whaling ships generally paid by the week or do they receive, at the end of the trip, a part of the profits?
11. Which of the following words rhymes with *sign*: *sin*, *nine*, *none*, *right*, *climb*?
12. Use these in sentences: *to go on board*, *to run away*, *to take a look at*, *to get something ready*, *in any case*.

B

1. What *part* of the profits of the trip did Bildad wish to give Ishmael?
2. Did Ishmael consider this to be a large or small part?
3. Why did

Bildad and Peleg then get into a serious argument? 4. How did the argument finally end? 5. Why did Ishmael feel that it was a mistake for him not to have talked with the real captain of the ship, Captain Ahab, before signing on? 6. Why did Captain Ahab now keep close to his home? 7. How did Peleg describe Captain Ahab? 8. What is the bible story of King Ahab? 9. Why did Peleg tell Ishmael never to speak of this story on board the *Pequod*? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *advantage, deal, choose, college*. 11. Use the following in sentences, once as a verb and once as a noun: *work, care, fight, part, mind, sail, present, name, blow*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to take advantage of, a great deal of, to take place, to come to blows, after all, no matter, to get ready, to sign on, to pass off*.

CHAPTER 6



Queequeg raised his harpoon high above his head

Captain Peleg seemed rather surprised when he first set eyes on Queequeg. He stood leaning over the side of the ship watching us as we walked along the shore. He cried out finally that they did not let any savages on board the *Pequod* unless they had papers to show. He meant by this, as it turned out, that the person must show some proof that he belonged to a church and was a member in good standing. I went on board and left Queequeg waiting behind. Captain Bildad arrived at this moment and, Bible in hand, also questioned me closely about Queequeg on

this point. He said they didn't want to have on board any "sons of the devil" since they might have a bad influence on the rest of the crew. I said that Queequeg was one of the most religious persons I had ever known. I also told them about seeing him in church the Sunday before. This seemed to satisfy* them partly, but the argument went on. Finally Peleg happened at this point to see the harpoon Queequeg was carrying.

"Good Heavens!" he said. "What a harpoon that savage has! Looks like good material too—and he handles it well. I say there, Quohog,—or whatever your name is—did you ever stand in the head of a whale boat—did you ever strike a fish?"

It seemed as though Queequeg had been just waiting to hear something like this. He ran up on board the ship and jumped directly into the front part of one of the whale-boats that hung at the ship's side. Raising* his harpoon high above his head in the air, he cried out:

"Captain, you see that small black mark on the water over there? You see it? Well, suppose that is the whale's eye." Taking careful aim* Queequeg then threw the harpoon right over Bildad's head across* the ship's deck and struck* the mark directly in the center.

"Now," said Queequeg, quietly pulling in his line, "suppose that was the whale, that whale is dead now."

"Quick, Bildad!" said Peleg to his friend Bildad, who, frightened at how close the harpoon had passed above his head, had run toward the back of the ship. "Quick, I say, Bildad, get the ship's papers. I see that Hedgehog or Quohog—or whatever his name is—is a very religious person. We must have him in one of our boats. And, Quohog, we'll give you the ninetieth *part*, which is more than ever was given any harpooner out of Nantucket."

So it happened that we went below*, and ship's papers

were brought out for Queequeg to sign. Queequeg didn't know how to write, but he made a special mark on the paper similar to a tattoo mark he carried on his arm. Proudly he explained that this was his official mark, which he always used in signing all legal papers.

The *Pequod*, however, did not sail for several days. We remained on shore until the last possible moment, but we visited the *Pequod* several times during the next few days. There was naturally a great deal to be done on the ship. Not only were the old sails being fixed, but new sails were coming on board. Many other things for the long trip, such as food and ship's materials of many kinds, had to be brought from the shore. Captain Peleg seemed never to leave the ship for a moment. He sat on deck and kept a close watch on every thing that went on.

During this period I often asked about Captain Ahab and how he was and when he was going to come on board his ship. To these questions they would answer that he was getting better and better and was expected every day. If I had been completely honest with myself, I would have seen in my heart that I was not at all happy with having signed up on a ship for such a long trip without ever having set eyes on the man who was to rule all our lives completely as soon as we sailed out upon the open sea. But when a person feels that something is wrong*, he often tries to cover it even from himself. And so it was with me. I said nothing and tried not to think about Captain Ahab.

At last we were told that some time the next day the ship would certainly sail. So next morning Queequeg and I made a very early start. We got to the ship at about six o'clock, just as the sun was rising. Other members of the crew kept coming on board in twos and threes. Several shore people were still busy bringing things on board.

Captain Ahab, we were told, was on the ship, but he remained in his cabin*. Finally, at about noon, we set sail. Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad remained on board until we were well out from land. Then a boat was lowered and they made ready to take their leave. It was curious to see how they both felt at this point. Both old men loved the *Pequod* and almost had to tear themselves away. Both, at one time, had been captains of the *Pequod*. They now had thousands of dollars of their own money invested in it. At the last minute Peleg ran from cabin to deck, with now a word to someone below and now a final word with Starbuck, the first officer.* There were tears in his eyes as he at last prepared to go over the side.

"Don't forget, men," he said. "Three years from today I'll have a hot* dinner waiting for you in old Nantucket."

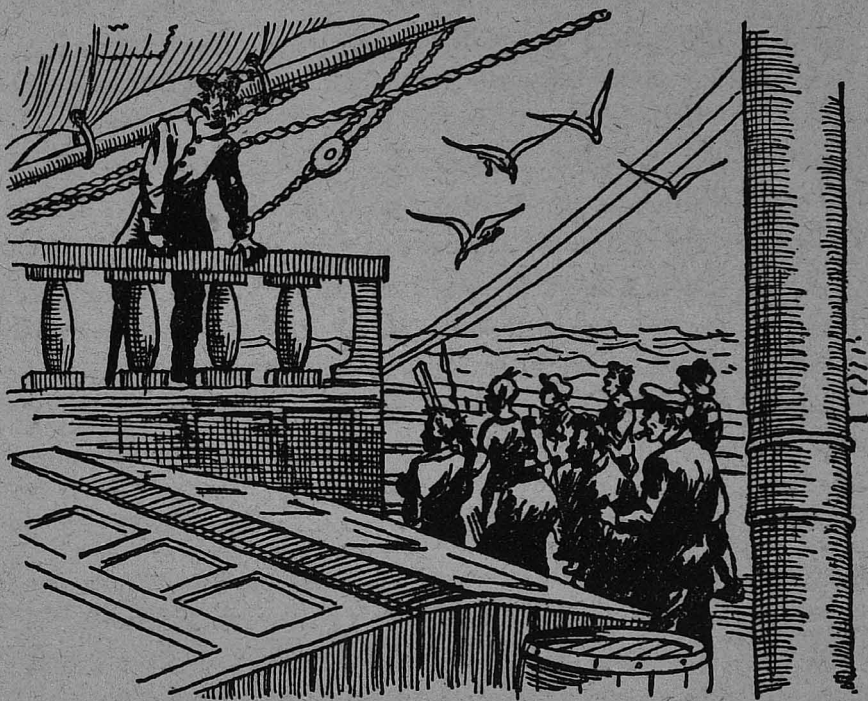
"God be with you all," said Captain Bildad. "I hope you'll have good weather, and that Captain Ahab will soon be moving about the ship. A pleasant sun is all he needs. Be sure, men, to use the whale-boats carefully. They cost* a great deal of money today. Don't forget to pray every day, Mr. Starbuck. And don't go whaling on Sundays—but don't lose a chance at a good whale either—that would be throwing away what God offers you. Keep a close eye on the food. . . ."

"Come! Come, Captain Bildad—let's go," said Captain Peleg—and with that they both dropped over the side into the little boat that waited for them there. They pulled away and before long were completely lost to us in the distance. A cold wind had begun to blow. One or two birds flew above in the cloudy sky. We moved out now into the wide Atlantic. We little knew at this time what the dark future held in store for all of us.

Exercises

1. What did Captain Peleg mean when he said that they did not let any savages without papers on board?
2. Why did Bildad say they did not want any "sons of the devil" on board?
3. What did Peleg happen to see Queequeg carrying in his hand at this moment?
4. What did Queequeg do at once when Peleg called to him?
5. Did Queequeg's aim with the harpoon prove good or bad?
6. Why had Bildad run to the back of the ship?
7. Which *part* of the profits did Peleg promise to give Queequeg?
8. How did Queequeg sign the ship's papers which were brought to him?
9. What work still remained to be done on the *Pequod* before sailing?
10. Why was Ishmael not happy with having signed on the *Pequod* without ever having seen or talked with Captain Ahab?
11. Why did Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad remain on board the ship until it was well out from the land?
12. Why did both of them almost have to "tear themselves away" finally?
13. Use these new words in sentences: *satisfy, aim, strike, across, below, wrong, cabin, officer, hot*.
14. Give the opposites of these words: *wrong, forget, pleasant, first, front, raise, careful, quiet, pull, dead, early*.
15. Use these in sentences: *to cry out, to turn out, as though, a great deal, at last, to make an early or late start, to take one's leave, to tear oneself away, to hold in store*.

CHAPTER 7



Now at last, the Captain himself stood before me

A

For several days after leaving Nantucket nothing was to be seen of Captain Ahab on deck. The ship's officers all stood their watches and carried on the business of the ship between them. All three officers were very good men. The first officer, Starbuck, was from Nantucket. He was a long thin man with a weather-beaten face. He had a young wife and child back in Nantucket about whom he often thought. Stubb, the second officer, was from Cape

Cod. Accordingly he was called a Cape Cod man. He was an easy going kind of person who never seemed to grow excited over anything. Possibly the thing that helped to keep Stubb so calm was his pipe. He had about a dozen different kinds of pipes and smoked one after the other all day long. Only when he went to bed did he take his pipe from his mouth, and when he got up and dressed in the morning, instead of first putting his legs into his trousers, he put his pipe into his mouth. Flask, the third officer, was also from New England. He was a short, heavy-set man almost savage in his thinking about whales and whaling. To him whales were born* to be killed and he took great pleasure in killing them. He was like a hunter* of wild animals who kills for the pleasure of killing. His three years on the *Pequod*, therefore, were to him just one long hunting trip.

These three officers directed the work of the ship, although they could often be seen coming up from the captain's cabin with their orders. There was little to do on the ship at this point. We were simply sailing south and would not reach whaling waters for some time to come. The weather had been very cold when we left Nantucket, but each day now seemed a little warmer and pleasanter than the day before.

So it happened that one day Captain Ahab himself finally appeared. I had come up on deck after finishing my watch below. My first uncomfortable feeling about the captain had become a serious worry* during these early days at sea. The many stories the men told about his strange character didn't help much either. Now at last the captain himself stood before me. He remained toward the back of the ship and stood looking out to sea. He was a large man, strongly built—but his face looked thin and drawn; possibly this was the result of his having been sick. He wore a

large black hat which he kept pulled well down over his eyes. A long ugly mark ran from his forehead down the one side of his face, giving him a very strange, almost unreal look. Some of the men on the ship said that this mark ran down the whole right side of his body. The fact that he had only one leg made his appearance even more striking. His other leg, on which he partly stood, was of white bone, cut from the lower part of a whale's mouth. Two holes* had been made in the deck, one on each side of the ship, specially for him, and he stood now with his bone leg resting in one of these holes to steady* himself against the movement of the ship. With his hand he held to one of the ship's masts. The expression of his face was hard and unchanging. His manner, even from the distance at which I saw him, seemed cold and unfriendly. He did not speak a word to anyone, and not one of the officers spoke to him. Yet from their every action it could be seen that all the men felt strange and uneasy under Ahab's troubled eye.

After this first day, however, Ahab came up on deck each morning. These visits of his on deck also became longer and longer. He stood with his bone leg resting in its accustomed hole or sat on a small bone chair which was brought up specially for him. When the sea was calm, he would also walk heavily about the deck. The weather was now more pleasant, the sky each day grew more sunny and cheerful. For this reason, perhaps, Ahab even spoke a word now and then to some member of the crew; his manner at these times was a little more friendly, his voice a little less rough than usual. Several times he called up to the men in the mast-heads to ask whether they had seen anything yet of the white whale. "There are whales around here," he would say. "If you see a white one, cry out!"

"What do you think of that, Flask?" said Stubb, the

second officer, one day on hearing these words of Ahab. "Isn't there something very strange about that, eh? A white whale? Did you mark it well? Look—there's something special in the wind. Just wait, Flask. Ahab has something on his mind, and we'll soon know about it."

B

Stubb was right. Ahab's interest in the white whale was by no means a natural one, and he soon made this clear to all of us in a way we did not quickly forget. On this particular day Ahab had passed more time than usual on deck. He walked nervously from one side of the ship to the other. He seemed so deep in thought that at each turn he made, you could see the thought turn in him as he turned, and move in him as he moved.

"Do you see him, Flask?" said Stubb. "It is just as I said. The thing is eating him. Soon it will be out."

The hours wore on. Ahab went below to his cabin, only to return again and walk nervously about the deck. At last, near the close of the day, he called Starbuck, the first officer to him. He told Starbuck to send all hands to the "after" part of the ship. Such an order is never given except in some very special case, so that Starbuck looked at him with great surprise.

"Send everyone to the after part of the ship," said Ahab again. "Mast-heads there. Come down at once."

When the whole ship's crew was brought together and, with very curious and worried faces, was eyeing him closely, Ahab, after looking over the men for a moment, began again to walk from one side of the ship to the other. With his head down and his large hat pulled well over his eyes he moved across the deck, paying no attention at all to the low voices or troubled looks of the men. Stubb turned

to Flask and said that it seemed as though the captain had called them all together to show how well he walked the deck. But this did not last long. Suddenly stopping, Ahab cried:

"What do you do when you see a whale, men?"

"Sing out for him," was the answer from a number of voices.

"Good," said Ahab. "And what do you do next?"

"Lower* the boats and go after him."

"And what song do you pull the oars* to?"

"A dead whale or a broken boat."

Ahab stood now with his bone leg resting in its special hole in the deck. With his hand he held on to the mast. "All you men have heard me give orders to the mast heads before now about a white whale," he said. "Do you see this Spanish piece of gold?"—he held up the gold-piece to the sun so that the men could see it clearly. "It is a sixteen dollar piece. Do you see it? Mr. Starbuck, hand me that ship's hammer*."

While Starbuck was getting the hammer, Ahab rubbed* the gold piece against his coat to bring out its shine. At the same time he kept talking to himself in a low voice. Receiving the hammer from Starbuck, he walked over to the center mast and, with the hammer raised in his hand, said:

"The man that first sees a white whale with a strange head and a crooked* mouth—the man who first sees this whale and calls out from the mast head—that man shall have this gold piece for his own."

"Hurrah!* Hurrah!" cried the men as Ahab, at this point, nailed* the gold piece to the mast with the hammer.

"It's a white whale, I say," continued Ahab. "Keep a sharp* look out for him. If you see anything at all that looks like him, men, sing out!"

All this time Queequeg and the other two harpooners, Tashtego and Daggoo, who stood near him, seemed to look on with even more interest than the rest.

Tashtego was a tall, wide-shouldered Indian, stronger even than Queequeg. "Captain Ahab," he said. "That white whale must be the one they call Moby Dick."

"Moby Dick?" cried Ahab. "Do you know the white whale then, Tash?"

"Does he move his tail* in a special way just before he goes down?" asked Tashtego.

"And has he a curious spout* too?" asked Daggoo, a dark-skinned giant from the shores of Africa, with a past history similar to that of Queequeg. "Very full and wide—and very quick, Captain Ahab?"

"And has he one, two, maybe three holes in his side—and several broken spears*?" asked Queequeg, moving his hands wildly and trying as best he could in this way, with his poor English, to explain exactly what he meant.

"Yes, Queequeg," said Ahab. "There are still old spears and harpoons in his side—and there are holes in him where others have struck. His spout is also full and wide—and as white as our own Nantucket snow. And when he goes down, he throws his tail around in a curious way. Death and Devils! Men, it is Moby Dick you have seen. Moby Dick!"

Exercises

A

1. What was the name of the first officer of the *Pequod*?
2. What were the names of the second and third officers?
3. Which of these three was the pipe-smoking officer?
4. In what direction was the ship sailing at this time?
5. Did the weather become warmer or colder each

day? 6. Why had Ishmael's first uncomfortable feeling about Captain Ahab now become a serious worry? 7. How does the author describe Captain Ahab? 8. What made Ahab's appearance particularly striking? 9. Where was Ahab accustomed to stand on deck? 10. Give sentences with these new words: *hunt, worry, hole, steady, bone*. 11. How many syllables does each of the following words contain; on which syllable does the accent fall: *weather, business, dressed, trousers, uncomfortable, appearance, character*. 12. Give sentences with these: *to stand watch, all day long, heavy-set, to have something on one's mind*.

B

1. Why did Ahab tell Starbuck to call all hands to the after part of the ship? 2. Is such an order given often or only in very special cases? 3. What did Ahab first begin to do when the whole ship's crew was brought together? 4. What were some of the first questions Ahab asked the crew? 5. What special gold piece did he show the crew? 6. Where did he nail this gold piece? 7. Who did he say was to receive the gold piece? 8. What were the names of the three harpooners? 9. How did the harpooners show that they too knew the white whale? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *lower, oar, hammer, rub, crooked, tail, spout, spear*. 11. Give the noun form of these adjectives: *nervous, interesting, curious, worried, dead, strange, wide*. 12. Use these in sentences: *by no means, to make clear, to bring together, to look over*.

CHAPTER 8

A

"Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, who with Stubb and Flask, had been watching Ahab with increasing surprise—but at last seemed struck with a thought which explained the whole matter. "Captain Ahab. I have heard of Moby Dick. But was it not Moby Dick that took off your leg?"

"Who told you that?" cried Ahab angrily. "Yes, Starbuck, it was Moby Dick that did it. It was Moby Dick that gave me this dead thing I now must stand on, who left me only half the man I was before." Ahab looked down at his leg; his eyes seemed like two fires burning* in his pale, drawn face. "Yes, and I'll follow him around Good Hope and around the Horn and around the whole world before I give him up. And this is what you have shipped out for, men—whether you like it or not—to follow that white whale on both sides of the land and all over the world until he spouts black blood and rolls over on his side dead. What do you say, men? Are you with me or not?"

"Yes, Yes!" cried the harpooners at once and all the men with them. "A sharp eye, everyone, for the white whale; a sharp spear for Moby Dick!"

"Good! Good!" said Ahab. "I knew you would all stand with me. And now, men, what do you all say to a drink to celebrate?" Then calling his cabin boy to him, he sent for glasses and enough whiskey* for all thirty men of the crew to drink. He also asked the ship's officers and the harpooners, harpoons in hand, to stand around him as though

playing a part in some special religious celebration he had carefully planned. When the glasses were filled he said:

"Now, men, you promise to follow me—even to the far corners of the world—until we have found and killed the white whale, Moby Dick. What do you say? I think you all look brave* enough?"

"Yes, Yes!" cried the men.

"Good!" said Ahab, looking from one man to the other. Then his eye happened to fall on Starbuck. "But, Mr. Starbuck, what's that long face about? Will you not follow the white whale? Aren't you ready with the rest to go after Moby Dick? You, my first officer—and the best spear out of Nantucket!"

"I am ready to follow you anywhere, Captain Ahab, and to kill any whale that swims in the ocean,* if it comes in the way of business. But I came on this ship to hunt for whales and not simply to satisfy my captain's hate for one fish. How much profit will your hate of Moby Dick give us even if we find him? What will it bring us in money back in Nantucket?"

"Nantucket!" said Ahab. "Starbuck, come closer! Never speak to me again of Nantucket or of a few more dollars to fill the pockets of the owners of this boat. This is a different matter. This is your captain's life. I am like a man in prison. The white whale is the wall around me, and I must break down that wall, or I shall die. Sometimes I think there is nothing beyond*, but it is enough. I must first make the white whale know my hate. I must feel my spear deep in his heart, until his blood runs black and cold. Only then will I be a free man again. All of you must help me. The crew! The crew! Are you not with me, all of you, in this?"

"Yes, Yes!" cried the crew in one voice.

"Then let us drink," said Ahab and raised his glass

into the air. All the men except Starbuck followed and drank.

"Drink, harpooners! Drink and swear*, you men who will throw the first harpoon into Moby Dick," said Ahab. "Drink, everyone. Fill your glasses again and drink to Moby Dick. God hunt us all if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death."

The glasses were raised again, and the men drank more and more. There were cries and much loud swearing against the white whale. Starbuck alone paled and turned away. He thought of his wife and child back in Nantucket. Starbuck was a brave man—braver than most. But he was in the business of whaling to kill whales and not to be killed by them. He thought of his father who had been killed by a whale. He also thought of his brother who rested somewhere in a watery* grave, his arms and legs torn off by a whale. To what end might this wild, unnatural hate of Ahab's bring them all? Once more the strong whiskey was passed around. The men drank and cried out and swore to kill the white whale. Ahab stood watching them now in silence. Then suddenly, as though his work was now finished, he turned and went below to his cabin.

B

I, Ishmael, was one of that crew, I had drunk the same whiskey and cried out with the others against the white whale. A strange, wild feeling had come over me. Ahab's hate had become my hate. Later, I listened with great interest to stories told by members of the crew about the white whale.

For some time past the white whale, always alone, had haunted these Southern seas. Only a few whaling men had ever seen him, but many had heard of him. He was a fish

so large and strong as to strike fear in any man. Many a whaling boat had been lowered to follow him—but always with the same result. The boats were broken, the men thrown into the sea. Many men had lost their lives; others an arm or leg. Moby Dick himself always got away. He carried broken spears and harpoons in him; there were many holes in his sides where others had struck him. Naturally many wild and unusual stories had grown up about him. There were some whaling men who believed that Moby Dick was no natural fish at all. They thought that he would never die, that it was not possible to kill him. He was also thought to exist in many different places at the same time. There were stories that he had been seen on the same day in the Greenland Seas and the South Pacific. It is true that whales have been known to travel great distances within a very short period of time, and there are records of whales having been killed in the North Seas with spears in them that had been thrown only a month or two before thousands of miles away in other seas. But in the case of Moby Dick—his great white forehead and high white back were often said to have been seen in widely separated* places at the same moment. It was also said that spears had been thrown into him, his blood had spouted out, and a few minutes later he had appeared again a short distance away without a mark on him.

But even without these wild stories there was enough in the real character of Moby Dick to cause any whaling man to shake with fear. Not only was he the largest whale ever seen by any man, but he was a killer as well. He had a mind as sharp and seemingly intelligent as that of a man. He would turn, strike, run away—and then, when it appeared as though he had been frightened and was ready to give up the fight, he would come back unexpectedly and

strike again. He would "lower", that is, go down, remain under water for only a few minutes instead of the usual half hour or hour, and then rise again suddenly, and strike directly with his head against the whaling boat. The boat would be broken into pieces, the men thrown into the sea. Arms and legs would be torn off, and the men themselves sometimes eaten alive.

Ahab's meeting with the white whale had been exactly like that of other whalers. His three boats had been broken by the whale. The crews had all been thrown into the water to swim wildly about, holding on to pieces of the boats or to oars floating* in the water. Ahab, angry at the great fish for having caused all this ruin,* threw himself upon the back of the whale and struck at him savagely with his knife. But all of this was nothing to the giant whale. He turned suddenly with his mouth open, and in less time than it takes to tell, tore off Ahab's leg.

There is little reason to doubt that ever since that meeting Ahab hated Moby Dick with all his heart and mind. It is not possible that he began to feel this way at the exact moment that the whale took off his leg. But when, later, he had to return home and he lay* in his cabin for long weeks and months, sick with pain and fever,* then this thing took hold of him and remained with him. At first he was often out of his mind and cried out and swore against the white whale. Later when the fever went down he became quieter. Yet he still held to the same idea. The white whale, he felt, had ruined his whole life, had cut him down when he was still a young man. He swore to make the white whale pay. He would follow it to the ends of the world—even though it meant his own death.

Yet Ahab kept all of this to himself. It was a secret which he kept well closed within his own mind and heart. If his friends on shore had known—if the owners had had any

idea of the real reason for his making the trip, they would have taken the ship from him. But Ahab remained silent. His strange manner was thought to be the result of his having been sick. Only when the ship was well out to sea did Ahab tell the crew his secret and make known his plans. The crew were all simple-minded men of low position in life. Ahab's influence over them was very great. They believed in him. Before long they felt almost as he did about the white whale. His hate became their hate. They stood ready at last to follow him wherever he might lead.

Exercises

A

1. How had Ahab lost his leg? 2. Why did Ahab say he would follow Moby Dick around the whole world? 3. Where is the Cape of Good Hope? 4. Why did Ahab send the cabin-boy for whiskey and glasses? 5. How many men were there in the *Pequod's* crew? 6. Why was Starbuck not pleased with Ahab's plan to follow Moby Dick? 7. Why did Ahab say that it was necessary for him to kill the white whale? 8. Was Starbuck a braver man than most or less brave than the other crew members? 9. What had happened to Starbuck's father and brother? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *burn, whiskey, brave, beyond, swear, watery*. 11. Change from active to passive form: *they left me, I will follow, he sent for glasses, we have found them, I must do it, they raised their glasses, they drank the whiskey*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to hear of, to give up, to break down, to turn away, to pass around*.

B

1. What does Ishamel mean when he says, "Ahab's hate had become my hate"? 2. Had many men or few men seen the white whale? 3. Was the white whale an unusually large fish or an unusually small one? 4. Had few or many men lost their lives to him? 5. Why did some whaling men believe that Moby Dick was no natural fish at all? 6. Do whales generally remain in certain waters all the time or do they often travel long distances? 7. In what way did Moby Dick show

that his mind was as sharp and seemingly intelligent as that of a person? 9. Why had Ahab's loss of his leg caused him to hate the white whale so much? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *deathless, separate, float, ruin, lie, fever*. 11. Give the opposites of these: *white, same, few, lose, possible, natural, true, south, wide, short, alive, less, begin*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to come over one, to get away, to grow up about, to run away, to tear off, to believe in*.

CHAPTER 9

A

Though in all his thoughts and actions Ahab had only this one idea, yet it may have been that he was, by character and habit, too much a whaling man to forget completely about the hunting of other whales. Or perhaps he knew that Starbuck and the crew in general would not remain happy long without action of some kind. While they stood their long night watches, both his officers and men must have something nearer to think about than Moby Dick. In time they might even turn against him or begin to fight among* themselves. For these reasons, then, or for others which remained even deeper within the sensitive mind of Ahab, he saw that he must follow the usual course of all whaling captains. He must hunt for whales in general, talk of profits and money, and show some interest in the everyday work of the crew. So his voice was often heard calling up to the three mast-heads and telling those on watch there to keep a sharp look-out for Moby Dick or for any other whale that happened to appear. It was not long before his words brought good results.

It was a very warm, cloudy* day. The men were sitting lazily about the decks or looking with little interest out to sea. I was busy helping Queequeg work on some of the ship's ropes. I kept passing and re-passing the lines to him. At the same time we talked to each other in our usual friendly manner. Queequeg and I saw very little of each other these days, so we took advantage of every chance like

this to be together. I worked as a regular* crew member and lived with the crew in the front part of the ship. Queequeg, however, was a harpooner. After the captain and the three ship's officers, the harpooners are next in importance on any whaling ship and enjoy many special rights which the regular crew members do not have.

So Queequeg and I led rather different lives. Queequeg, for example, lived with the other harpooners in the back part of the ship near where the captain and the officers had their cabins. He also ate at the captain's table and had much better food than the crew. He did not eat together with the captain, but after the captain and officers had finished eating and left the table, the three harpooners came and ate there. The three harpooners on the *Pequod* were Queequeg, Tashtego, and Daggoo. As stated before, Tashtego was a great tall Indian from Massachusetts and Daggoo was a giant black man from darkest Africa.

Anyway, this day, as I say, Queequeg and I were working together when all of a sudden I started at a sound so strange, so long drawn out and wild in the heavy silence of this particular afternoon that the ropes dropped from my hand. I stood looking up into the clouds from where the voice had come. It was Tashtego who stood watch in the mast-head and he had cried out. It was the familiar cry of all whaling ships when a whale is seen.

"There she blows! There! There! She blows!" cried Tashtego.

"Where?"

"About two miles off to the right. A whole school of them!"

At once everyone on board the *Pequod* went into action.

"They are going down," was now the cry from Tashtego, and the whales slowly disappeared under the water.

"Quick, boy," cried Ahab. "The time! The time!"

The cabin-boy ran below, looked at the watch, and gave Ahab the exact time.

The ship's course was now changed in order to follow the whales and, with the wind at our backs, we went rolling gently toward the place where the whales were last seen. When whales go down, they sometimes turn about and swim quickly in a different direction. But there was little fear of this now since there was no reason to believe that they had been frightened, or even knew that we were near them. Everything was therefore made ready to lower the three whaling boats that hung at the ship's side and to go after the whales.

Yet something suddenly happened now that caused us, for the moment, to give our attention to another matter. At the back of the ship Captain Ahab stood with five unknown and dark-skinned men around him. These men were not regular members of the crew, and not one of us had even seen them before. It was true that there had been some talk that Ahab had been keeping certain "yellow devils" somewhere under cover. The cabin boy had been seen taking food to them. Queequeg and I had seen five silent figures go on board in the dark the night before the *Pequod* sailed. But nothing more was known about them. The five of them now moved about Ahab and were getting ready to lower a fourth* boat which hung there. They were all tall, strong-looking, well-built men. From their color and general appearance, they might have been Chinese, but they were probably Malaysians. The boat at which they were working was one which was never used. It was known as the captain's boat because it hung near the captain's cabin. It was kept to take the place of a regular boat if one of these should be lost or broken.

While all of the crew, however, were still wondering about this strange matter, Ahab called out to the old man who was the leader of the five strangers. He was an ugly man with one long tooth* in his mouth. Like several of the others, he wore a piece of white material wrapped* around his head in place of a hat. "All ready, Fedallah?" asked Ahab.

"All ready," was the low voiced answer.

"Lower away, then, do you hear?" said Ahab. Then calling across the deck to the other boats, "Lower away, I say!"

Ahab's voice was so strong that we jumped at once into our places and all three boats were lowered into the water. But no sooner had we pulled away from the ship's side than the fourth boat appeared. Ahab stood up in the back while the five yellow men pulled at the oars. Ahab called out to Starbuck, Flask, and Stubb and ordered them to keep far away from each other so as to cover a greater part of the water. The three officers passed on these orders in turn to the men in each of their boats. All the boats then moved out. As Starbuck, however, pulled across the front of Stubb's boat and for a minute the two boats were near each other, Stubb called to the first officer.

"Mr. Starbuck! A word with you, please."

"Yes?" cried Starbuck without turning. His face, as usual, was set and deadly serious. At the same time he went on calling out orders to his own crew.

"What do you think of those yellow boys, Mr. Starbuck?"

"Brought on board in some way before the ship sailed," answered Starbuck. "A sad business, Mr. Stubb—but never mind. Perhaps it is all for the best. Now he has his own crew to do as he wants with them. A good thing maybe.

Let your own crew pull strong no matter what happens. There's whale oil* ahead, Mr. Stubb, and that's what we came for."

"Yes, I thought as much," said Stubb. The two boats now moved away from each other, but Stubb went on as though talking to himself. "As soon as I saw them I had it all figured out. He kept them back there with him, very quiet, all the time. The white whale's behind it all. Well, so be it. Can't be helped. All right, men, pull! It's not the white whale today—but pull, pull, pull. . . ."

Ahab was now well out of hearing of the officers and his boat far ahead of the others. His yellow crew seemed like giants from some other world, so lightly and gently did their great arms rise and fall as they pulled the heavy oars. Their boat seemed to fly ahead through the water. Yet suddenly now, at a sign from Ahab, the crew stopped rowing* and pointed their oars high in the air. The boat slowed down and finally stopped completely. The whales were still under water, but Ahab, from his closer position, had seen something. The three boats which followed behind him, seeing this sign from Ahab, also slowed down and remained waiting behind.

"Every man look out along his oars," cried Starbuck to his crew. "You, Queequeg, stand up!" Queequeg accordingly jumped up and, harpoon ready, stood looking out to where Ahab's boat lay. Starbuck remained in the usual position of all boat's officers, standing at the back of the boat, the steering* oar in his one hand. The crew sat with oars raised now and eyes fixed on Starbuck, it being the rule in all whaling boats that the oarsmen* must never move their heads from this position. To turn or to look around, curious as to what might be going on in front of the boat, would be very dangerous; many things might happen. The crew, if rowing, might lose its stroke* and the

whole boat thrown off its course; or the flying ropes and lines might suddenly become wrapped around a man's arm or head, so that these members could be torn from his body in a moment.

Not far distant Flask's boat rested very still. Flask himself stood up at the back trying to reach up and see as best he could. Stubb, in the third boat, showed no such special interest. He remained calm as always. The whales might not come to the surface* for some time. He took out his pipe, filled it, and lit it. Yet no sooner had he done this than Tashtego, his harpooner, whose eyes had followed Ahab and every movement* of the sea around him, sat down and cried out excitedly. "Down, down all, and give way. There they are!"

Exercises

A

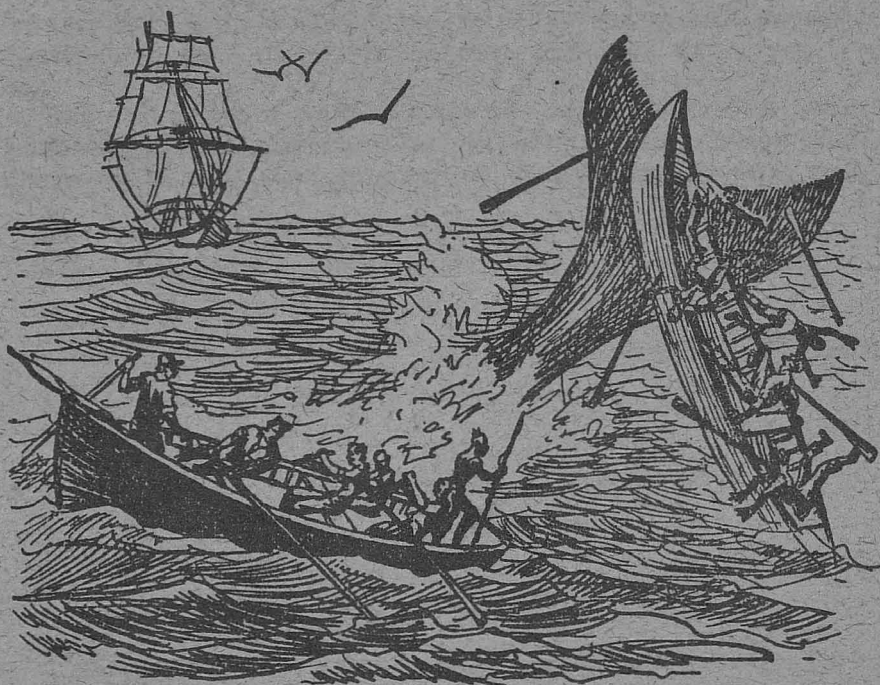
1. Why did Ahab not forget completely about the hunting of other whales? 2. What was he often heard calling up to the look-outs in the three mast-heads? 3. Why did Queequeg and Ishmael see little of each other these days? 4. What is the familiar cry given on all whaling ships when a whale is seen? 5. When whales "sound," that is, go down under the water, how long do they usually stay there? 6. What strange, unknown men now stood around Ahab at the back of the ship? 7. Where had these men come from? 8. Use these new words in sentences: *among, regular, fourth*. 9. Change to negative form: *he knew, they stood, he was, they might turn, he must hunt, I kept passing, we led, he ate, as stated before*. 10. Use these in sentences: *to forget about, to remain happy, to turn against, in general, to keep a sharp look-out, to take advantage of, long drawn out, to make ready*.

B

1. What was the name of the leader of Ahab's yellow crew? 2. Why did Ahab order the three boats to keep far away from each other?

3. Why did Starbuck say that it was perhaps all for the best that Ahab now had his own crew? 4. Why did Ahab's boat seem to fly ahead through the water? 5. Why did his crew suddenly stop rowing and point their oars high in the air? 6. What is the usual position of the ship's officer when in a whaling boat? 7. After the harpoon is thrown, what change of position does this officer make? 8. Why must the crew always keep their eyes fixed toward the back of the boat? 9. Use these new words in sentences: *tooth, wrap, oil, row, steer, stroke, surface, movement*. 10. Change these from passive voice to active voice: *it was worn by him, the boat was lowered, it will be hung there by them, it had been seen by Ahab, it must be moved by you*.

CHAPTER 10



*With a quick turn of his tail the whale had
struck us from behind*

To anyone except an experienced whaling man, no whale or any sign of any fish at all was to be seen—nothing but the slow rise and fall of some white water. Suddenly, the air all around us seemed to move and shake. The whales were swimming around just a little below the surface. All four boats followed them at once. Yet as fast as the boats moved, the white water moved ahead of them; it seemed to fly on into the distance.

"Pull, pull, my good boys," said Starbuck to his crew in his usual quiet voice.

"Sing out and say something," said the more cheerful Flask. "Pull, my friends. Put me up on their black backs—only do that for me and I'll sign over to you everything I own, even my wife and home." He pulled his hat from his head, threw it down in the boat, jumped on it; then picking it up he threw it wildly out into the sea.

"Look at that fellow* Flask," said Stubb in his boat, his pipe still in his mouth. "He's gone right out of his mind. Look at him jumping up and down. But we're the ones who will get there first. Pull, my children! Pull, my little ones. Softly, steadily—but pull and keep pulling until you break your hearts and backs! Pull now!"

What Ahab said to his yellow crew no one knew. But his boat, like the others, tore on.

The sea now rose and fell around us. A storm was coming up, and giant waves* began to break against the boats throwing us all from side to side. The cries of the men in the other boats could still be heard—but less clearly. The noise was frightening. It was also growing dark since night was coming on. The high spouts of the whales, however, could still be seen easily, and there seemed to be whales everywhere. The boats were being pulled in different directions. Starbuck followed three whales running dead to the east. Our sail had been set and, with the wind of the storm rising, we flew along so fast that it was almost impossible to work the oars on the one side.

"Hurry, men! Pull!" cried Starbuck. "There is still time to kill a fish before the storm strikes. There's white water just ahead. Pull!"

Two loud cries on each side of us now told us that the two other boats had got fast* to a whale—but almost at the same moment Starbuck cried out again, "Stand up!"

and Queequeg jumped to his feet, his harpoon raised high above his head.

"That's his back! *There! There!* Give it to him," cried Starbuck.

A short, sharp sound flew out from the boat; it was the harpoon of Queequeg. Then all in one awful moment came a strong push from the back of the boat, while the front seemed to strike against some great stone. The giant body of the whale rolled under us. We were on top* of him, and with a quick turn of his tail he had also struck us from behind. The sail fell. The whole crew, to a man, was thrown bodily into the sea. Storm, whale, and harpoon seemed for the moment to be each a part of the other. Then the whale, struck only lightly by the harpoon, swam away. The boat was not broken and remained floating, though it was half filled with water. We all swam around, picking up the oars, which had also been thrown into the sea. Then, one by one we made our way back to the boat and climbed in. The water in the boat, as we sat there, covered a good part of our legs.

The wind was increasing. The whole storm suddenly seemed to break around us. The waves struck at the boat ever more savagely than before. We tried to call to the other boats, but the noise was too great. Meanwhile* the sky had grown almost completely dark as night came on. No sign of the *Pequod*, which had been following us some distance behind, could be seen. The heavy seas made it impossible to clear the boat since water came in as fast as we could get it out. The oars could not be used because the waves were too high. Starbuck, after trying several times, was at last successful in lighting the lantern*. Putting this on top of the mast, he handed it to Queequeg, who sat holding up this sad-looking thing in the heart of the black storm.

Hours passed, and at last the first light of morning came. We sat wet* and shaking with the cold. The lantern lay broken on the floor of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started up, holding his hand to his ear.* We all listened and heard a light sound as of ropes, sails, and masts moving in the wind. The sound came nearer, and soon we looked up to see the *Pequod* above us and bearing down upon our small boat like some great animal. Frightened, we all jumped into the water just as the *Pequod* struck, breaking our boat into a hundred pieces. We swam about, holding on to oars or whatever else floated near us in the water—but, happily, we were soon seen by those on the ship, picked up, and all landed on board.

When the storm broke the night before, the other boats had cut themselves loose from their fish and returned to the ship without difficulty. Only our boat had been lost. The ship had looked for us for hours and finally given us up. It was sailing about now, only hoping to find some last sign of us, an oar perhaps or a broken spear.

Exercises

1. Why did Flask take off his hat, jump on it and throw it finally out to sea?
2. Why did giant waves now begin to break against the boats?
3. Why does a whale shoot water up into the air from his spout?
4. How many sails does a whaling boat carry?
5. In what cases is this sail used and under what circumstances is it not used?
6. In what way does a whaling boat "get fast" to a whale?
7. Why was the whole crew of Starbuck's boat thrown into the sea?
8. Why was it almost impossible to clear the boat of the water that came in?
9. How was the boat's crew finally found and picked up?
10. What had happened to the other two whaling boats?
11. Give the opposites of these words: *slow, rise, fast, quiet, black, down, push, little, less, impossible, east, high, strong, under.*

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CHAPTER 11

A

"Queequeg," said I when they had pulled me, the last man, up on deck and I was shaking the water off me. "Queequeg, my good friend, does this kind of thing happen often?" Queequeg, though just as wet and uncomfortable as I, gave me to understand that such things did often happen.

"Mr. Stubb," said I, turning next to the second officer, who stood watching us while calmly smoking his pipe. "I think I have heard you say that of all whalemens you ever met, our first officer, Mr. Starbuck, is by far the best as well as the most careful. I suppose, then, that going up on the back of a flying whale with your sail set in a heavy storm is the right thing to do."

"Certainly! I have lowered for whales in worse storms and in boats that were almost ready to fall to pieces," said Stubb.

"Mr. Flask," I said, turning to the third officer. "You are experienced in these things and I am not. Will you tell me whether an oarsman must always row with his back to the whale right up into the very mouth of the animal?"

"Yes, that's the way it is done," said Flask. "I'd like to see a boat's crew back water and go right up face to face to a whale. The whale would take one look at them, and that would be the end of both crew and boat."

Here, then, three well-experienced whaling men had stated the case very clearly to me. Considering, therefore,

that such things often happened in the life of whaling men, and that whenever we came up close to a whale all of us in the crew must put our lives in the hands of the officer who steered the boat, I decided that I must be ready for such a situation in the future. True, Starbuck was a very careful man and one of the best whalers in the business. I was part of the crew of Starbuck's boat. But there was also this matter of Moby Dick, a dangerous enough thing in itself. Considering all these facts, I say, I finally decided it was high time for me to go below and draw up my will. "Queequeg," said I. "You can be my lawyer and put your mark on the paper near where I sign my name. That will make everything legal."

Now it may seem strange that a poor person like me, a sailor having little to leave to anyone, should worry about making out his last will. But this was the fourth time in my life on the high seas that I had done the same thing. After the will was ready and Queequeg and I had both signed it, I felt much easier. It seemed as though a great stone was rolled away from my heart. My days were now all free—if I had to die. Whatever the devil had planned for me, even a quick dive into sudden death, I was ready for it.

The *Pequod* moved steadily toward the south. We had already passed several important fishing waters, one off the Azores, a second near the Cape Verde Islands, and those just south of St. Helena, without seeing anything of importance except the school of whales already mentioned*. Our meeting with these whales had turned out badly, and for several days there was much talk on board about this and also about the special crew of five yellow men that Ahab had brought along with him.

Generally, a ship's captain does not go out in the whaling

boats unless, for some special reason, he wishes to be closer to the place of action. For Captain Ahab to have a boat and a special crew set aside* just for his particular use was therefore very unusual. Such a thing, Ahab well knew, would never have entered the heads of the owners. For this reason he had arranged secretly to bring this crew on board himself. It was supposed that they were to help Ahab hunt Moby Dick since he had shown several times that *he himself* was planning to kill the white whale. The five yellow men moved freely about the boat now and, after the surprise of their first appearance had passed, were accepted as part of the regular crew. They were not so very different, after all, from the other crew members, many of whom were just as strange in manner and appearance. The crew of a whaling ship, as a general rule, comes from the four corners of the world. They are of all kinds and all styles. They work on whaling ships because they are running away from something or because, being of such low character, they can find no other work to do.

I should mention that we had already passed two other whaling ships on our way. These were the first of several such ships we were to meet later. Both were on their way home. The first ship, the *Goney*, was an old ship in very bad condition. Storms or other difficulties* through which it had passed had brought it almost to a state of ruin. Even the men on board seemed to be broken in spirit. They all wore long beards and appeared to be dressed in the skins of animals. What had happened to them we never found out. Captain Ahab called out to the ship, but the captain showed no interest in meeting with us. This was also very strange since it is always the custom, whenever two whaling ships pass on the high seas, to stop and exchange* some conversation. A boat is lowered from one ship, and the captain and boat's crew visit the other ship. The two cap

tains give each other any important news* they may have about the whaling situation. Often the ship that was the last to have left home carries letters sent to the men on other whaling ships.

"Ship ahoy¹," had cried Ahab as the two ships drew near each other. "Have you seen anything of the white whale?"

There was no answer.

"This is the *Pequod*, going around the world," continued Captain Ahab. "Tell them back in Nantucket to send all future letters to the Pacific Ocean. And this time, three years from now, if I am not home, tell them to send them to"

The two ships passed at this moment, and the wind carried away Ahab's last words.

B

The second ship with which we met was the *Town-Ho*; this ship, fortunately*, proved to be more friendly. We learned, for one thing, that Moby Dick had been seen not too long ago off the shores of Japan. The crew of the *Town-Ho* had "lowered" and gone after the whale. In the fight that followed, the first officer was killed. Captain Ahab and the whole crew of the *Pequod* were naturally very much excited by this news. We now knew, for the first time, where Moby Dick might be found, and where we might possibly meet with him.

Ahab would probably have liked to drive* straight on to Japan. But we had only rounded the Cape of Good Hope a few weeks before and were now sailing east toward the island of Java. Japan was still far away. Good fishing waters lay everywhere ahead of us. It was even possible

¹ *Ahoy* has no particular meaning; it is simply a word used by sailors in calling to another ship.

that Moby Dick had moved in our direction and was closer to us than was supposed. Ahab therefore gave orders to the mast-heads to keep a sharp look-out for any fish that appeared. Before long several large whales were seen. We followed two of these for some distance, but they moved so fast that they finally got away from us.

Then one day, a week or two later, Stubb, the ship's second officer, killed our first whale and brought him back to the ship. On that particular afternoon it was my turn to stand watch in the mast-head. The sea was very calm, the weather warm. It was a lazy kind of day. I was trying my best to keep awake. I saw that the two men on watch in the other two mast-heads felt the same way I did. Every so often their heads would seem to drop* in sleep. Then suddenly we all came to life. Not more than a hundred feet* to the right of the ship lay a great whale rolling in the water. His wide, black back shone in the sun like a mirror. He lay there in the warm water rolling lazily from one side to the other. Calmly, he spouted water now and then, like some old gentleman blowing smoke from his pipe. But that pipe, poor whale, was his last. For suddenly the ship and the whole crew seemed to wake up. Voices were heard from all parts of the ship, and at the same time the familiar cry "There she blows" came from all three of us in the mast-heads.

"Clear away the boats—at once!" cried Ahab.

The sudden cries on board must have been heard by the whale because, before the boats could all be lowered, he turned slowly around and began to swim away. Thinking, however, that the whale still might not be frightened, Ahab gave orders to use the oars lightly and to make as little noise as possible. We rowed quietly but had not gone far when the whale suddenly raised his great tail some forty feet in the air and dove down under the water.

"There he goes!" was the cry. Stubb, in the first boat, took advantage of the long wait and brought out his pipe and began to smoke. After the usual time, however, the whale rose again, and all three boats took off after him. Stubb's boat continued well in the lead. A great change had come over the fish. Alive to his dangerous situation, he was going "head out", that is, moving ahead in a straight line as fast as he could swim.

"Start her! Let's get going!" cried Stubb to his crew. "Pull, men! Start her! Pull like the very devil! Give it the long and strong stroke, Tashtego."

"Woo-hoo Wa-heel!" cried Tashtego, who, as harpooner, pulled the first oar, and therefore set the stroke for the whole crew. Two similarly wild cries came in answer from Daggoo and Queequeg in the two boats behind. All three boats moved ahead fast. Soon the cry was heard from Stubb's boat, "Stand up, Tashtego! Give it to him." The harpoon was thrown. "Back all!" The oarsmen backed water as the line of the harpoon went flying noisily* from the boat. The whale, for a time, swam even faster, pulling the boat along with him. So strongly did he pull, with the harpoon in him, that the boat seemed to fly through the air, its front end completely out of the water. The men held to their seats in order not to be thrown into the sea. Tired out, the whale, however, at last slowed down.

"Pull in! Pull in!" cried Stubb. Facing around toward the whale, all hands began to pull in on the harpoon line. In this way they brought the boat up close to the whale. Stubb in the meantime had changed places with Tashtego, it being the custom for the boat's officer to take the harpooner's place in the front of the boat as soon as the harpoon is thrown. Stubb now began to throw spear after spear into the great fish. The boat, as the crew followed Stubb's orders, would back away from the roll of the whale

and then draw up close to him again while Stubb threw into its side another spear.

A river of red* blood poured* from the holes in the whale's sides, and his great body was soon rolling not in sea water but in his own blood. Shining down upon all this, the sun sent back its reflection* into every face, making the crew look to each other like red men. All the while spout after spout of white water rose into the air as the tired animal breathed* with more and more difficulty.

"Pull up! Pull up!" cried Stubb again as the whale began to show less fight. "Pull up—close to!" The boat was now brought up directly alongside* the whale, and Stubb reached far over the boat's side and slowly turned his long spear into the whale. He kept it there steadily turning and turning it, as though looking for some gold watch which lay deep within the whale, and which he was afraid of breaking before he could get it out. But the gold watch he looked for was the very life center of the whale. Finally he struck it—the whale began to shake all over in one great movement of his body. Water shot* up from his spout into the air with such force* as to cover the whole boat. The men had to back water quickly in order to reach clear air. The whale kept opening and closing his great mouth meanwhile as though in awful pain. Soon blood, deep purple* in color like a dark wine, shot up from his spout instead of water. This blood covered his whole body and ran down his sides into the sea. The heart of the great fish had burst.*

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said one of the crew.

"Yes—all smoked out," said Stubb. Slowly Stubb took his own pipe from his mouth and threw the dead ashes* into the sea. Then he stood for a moment in thought eyeing the great fish he had just killed.

Exercises

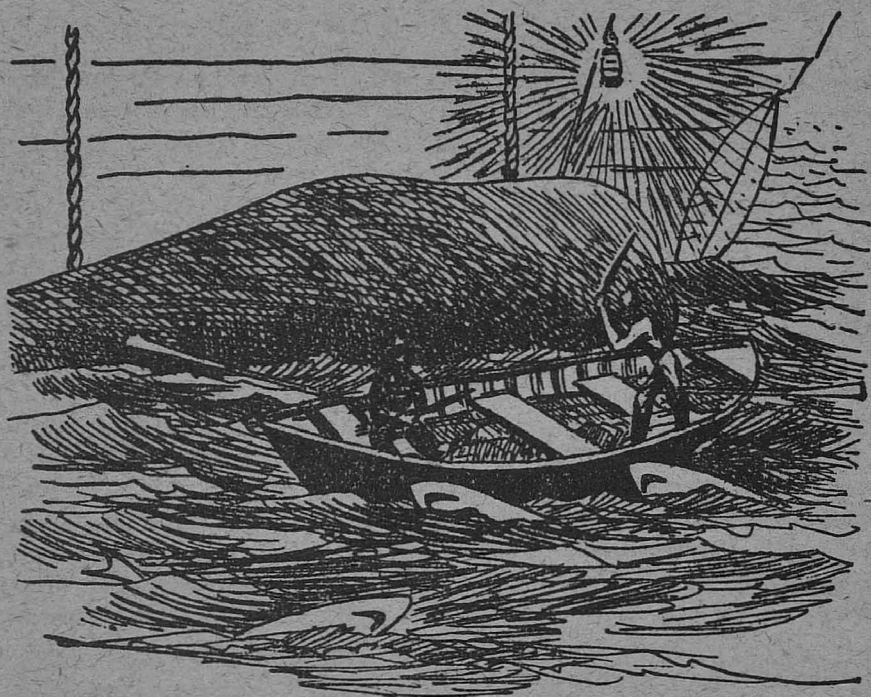
A

1. According to Queequeg, did this sort of thing that had just happened to Ishmael and the rest of the whale-boats' crew, take place often or seldom? 2. What did Mr. Stubb have to say in this matter? 3. What did Flask say would happen if a boat's crew went rowing face to face up to a whale? 4. What did Ishmael therefore decide to do in these circumstances? 5. Why did Ishmael wish Queequeg to put his mark on the will he was about to draw up? 6. How did Ishmael feel after the will was all ready and finally signed? 7. Why, after the surprise of their first appearance had passed, were Ahab's five yellow men accepted as part of the regular crew? 8. From where do the crew members of a whaling ship generally come? 9. Why did the captain of the *Goney* not answer when Ahab called to him as the two ships passed? 10. Why do most whaling ships, when they pass each other, generally stop and exchange some conversation? 11. Use these new words in sentences: *mention, difficulty, exchange, news, aside*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to shake off, to fall to pieces, face to face, high time, to get aside, as a general rule, to find out, to draw near*.

B

1. Why, after speaking with the captain of the *Town-Ho*, would Ahab have liked to drive straight on to Japan? 2. Which of the ship's officers was successful in killing the first whale? 3. Why did Ishmael, on this day, have difficulty in keeping awake while on watch as a look-out? 4. Did the whale appear far away or close to the ship? 5. Why did Ahab give orders to the whale boats to use the oars lightly and make little noise? 6. After "sounding," how long does a whale usually remain under the water? 7. How, after the harpoon is thrown into the whale, is the boat brought up close to him? 8. Why, in the reflection of the sun, did the crew look like red men? 9. How did Stubb finally kill the whale? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *fortunate, drive, drop, foot, noisy, red, pour, alongside, shoot, force, purple, burst, ash*. 11. Give the plural form of these nouns: *man, foot, watch, ash, oarsman, gentleman, mast-head*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to take advantage of, to take off after someone or something, to come over someone, to get going, tired out*.

CHAPTER 12



*Queequeg and another crewman were the first to
be sent down*

A

Stubb's whale had been killed some distance from the ship. The sea was calm; so, connecting the three boats together, we began the slow business of pulling the dead whale back to the *Pequod*. We were in all eighteen men; with our thirty-six strong arms we worked hour after hour, and yet the great fish seemed hardly* to move at all. This will give some idea of how large the whale really was.

Night came on; but three lights in the masts of the *Pequod* helped to lead us at last to the ship. Drawing near, we saw Ahab dropping one or two lanterns over the ship's side in order to get a better look at the whale. He seemed, however, to show little interest in the whole matter. After giving the usual orders for making the whale fast for the night, he went below to his cabin and did not appear again until morning.

Though Ahab had, according to custom, directed all of our actions in going after the whale, it seemed that the dead body of the whale only reminded* him now that Moby Dick was still to be killed. He no doubt felt that, though a thousand other whales were brought back to the ship, this would not satisfy him or help him in any way to carry out his plans.

When a whale, after hours and hours of hard work like this, is brought alongside a ship at night, it is not the custom, as a rule, to begin at once to cut him up. For that is a long and difficult business. It is not soon completed, and all hands are needed to set about it. Therefore, the usual thing is to take in all sail and to make fast the whale by tying* him well alongside the ship. His head is held by heavy ropes to the front part of the ship and his tail made fast in the same way to the back part of the ship. All hands are then sent to bed to rest until the morning. Only the usual deck watches are kept.

Yet sometimes, specially in Pacific waters, this plan will not work at all. So many sharks* exist in these waters and are attracted at once to the body of the dead whale that, if he were left there alone for six hours, there would be nothing left of him but the bones. Therefore, special watches are always ordered. Two men are let down over the sides and stand, in turns, during the whole night over

the dead body of the whale to fight off the sharks. Queequeg and another crewman were the first to be sent down to do this work. They carried with them special whale-knives. These knives are sharp as razors* and have very long handles. With these Queequeg and his companion* struck continuously* at the sharks during the whole two hours of their watch. They tried to cut off the heads of the sharks since this is the only way to fight against these savage fish. But very often their blows missed* their marks and they cut instead into other parts of the fish. The sharks then began to fight among themselves. They would bite* into each other and eat each other's torn bodies; sometimes they could be seen eating up their own insides.

It was Saturday* night when the whale was brought alongside—and such a Sunday it was that followed. There was nothing very religious about the day. The white *Pequod* was turned into a great butcher* shop, and every sailor became a butcher with bloody* hands. Yet, looked at in another way, it might have appeared that on this day we were offering up a thousand animals to the sea-gods.

In the business of “cutting-in” a whale, there is much running around among the crew. Now hands are wanted here, and then again hands are wanted there. There is no remaining in one place, because everything has to be done everywhere. There is, however, a fixed way of doing things, and every man has his particular work to do.

The first thing to be done is to cut off the whale's head. This is more difficult than it may appear. A whale's head is very heavy and makes up about one third of his whole body. Since a whale has nothing that can rightly be called a neck, one of the first problems is to find where the head ends and the body begins. The man who does the cutting must also work from several feet above the whale, some-

times in a rough sea with the whale remaining anything but steady. He must also cut down deeply into the fish in just the right place without striking any of the great bones which form* the back of the whale.

Stubb was the man who did this work best. He often spoke proudly of the fact that it never took him more than ten minutes to cut off the head of any whale. After the head is removed*, it is pulled to the back of the ship and there raised by ropes until it hangs at the ship's side out of water and out of reach of sharks. Meanwhile the work of removing the fat* (blubber) from the body of the whale is begun. This fat, more or less representing the skin of the whale, covers his whole body. In the case of a large whale like the one we had just killed, this fat is anywhere from ten to fifteen inches* thick*. A hole is first cut into the side of the fish and a large hook* placed in this hole. Ropes, which are tied to this hook, are then pulled up by a special machine* (windlass) on deck. The ropes do not raise the whale but, instead, the fat begins to peel off the whale in long strips.* It comes off more or less in the same way the peel* is removed from an orange.* The whale keeps rolling over and over in the water; meanwhile two crewmen stand dancing* up and down on his back with long cutting knives in their hands. With these knives they help to cut off the fat in the necessary strips. Later on deck these strips are cut into smaller pieces and taken below to a special room called the fat (blubber)-room. In this dark room other crewmen roll up the strips of fat and store them away.

So the work goes on. While some men are busy stripping the fat from the whale, others cut up these strips and take them to the fat-room where still other crewmen roll them up and store them away. There is a great deal of singing and swearing by everyone on board. At times the ship leans

far over toward the whale when the strips come off his body with difficulty; then it rights itself again as the strips begin to peel off more easily.

B

After the fat has been completely removed from the whale, only the peeled white bones of the body remain. Though changed in color, the body has not lost anything in size*. It is still very large. Slowly it floats more and more away from the ship, the water around it torn by the sharks which fight savagely for the little food remaining on the bones. Above, in the air, a large number of wild birds also fight for the same food. For hours and hours, the sharks and birds may be seen near the headless whale fighting among themselves in this way.

On the ship, meanwhile, attention is centered on the great head of the whale which hangs at the ship's side. The oil which lies within this head must next be removed. This oil is by far the best to be found anywhere in the world; it exists here in almost pure* form—though after the whale is dead and the oil removed from the head it soon becomes hard. The whale's head is, roughly, about thirty feet long. The particular section of the head in which this oil lies, called the "case," is perhaps twenty feet deep. From this "case," therefore, being in all some thirty feet by twenty feet in size, come about five hundred gallons* of the very best oil in the whole world.

The way in which the oil is removed is rather simple. A hole is made in the top of the whale's head, and a heavy pail*, tied to a long rope, is lowered inside. The oil is then pulled up out of the head by means of this pail just as water is pulled up in a pail from a well. The pail goes down, time after time, through the hole. A sign is given

by the crewman who stands on the whale's head directing the work; then the pail is pulled up by other crewmen on deck. The head itself, after the oil has been all removed, is lowered into the water and, like the body before it, floats away.

Generally, at this point, the ship's sails are set and the ship begins to move again. Much work still remains to be done, but this can all be done just as well while the ship is moving as when it is standing still. First, the oil and strips of fat taken from the whale must be boiled* down before being finally stored away. This boiling is done in the so-called "try-works". The try-works are made up of two rather large furnaces*, built right on the deck, near the center mast of every whaling ship. They are of stone and have two large pots* into which the fat and oil are thrown. Under the pots there is a place where the fires are built. The oil and the strips of fat, now cut up into small pieces, are thrown into the pots, and the fires burn under them. After being well boiled down, the fat and oil are ready at last for storing in barrels* in the ship's hold for the rest of the trip.

This business of firing up the try-works at sea often presents a scene* which is not soon forgotten by those who are present. In this particular case, we had worked two whole days stripping down the whale, placing the pieces in the fat-room, removing the oil from the whale's head, etc. On the evening of the second day the fires in the try-works were lighted. We were clear of the whale's body and head. Sail had been set, and the wind was growing strong. We moved along rather fast. The night was particularly dark—yet the fires under the try-pots seemed to light up the whole ship even to the top of the highest mast. A thick, heavy smoke rolled out of the two furnaces, making everything black. The ship, with its fires going, drove on through

the night like something in a strange dream. Two men regularly threw pieces of fat into the fires. The flames* each time shot up through the small chimneys of the furnaces. The crew, meanwhile, sat around the deck enjoying the scene. They laughed, swore, and told stories. In the reflection of the hot fires they looked like so many red devils.

It may be supposed that the ship, after the "cutting-in" of a whale and the boiling down of the fat in the try-works, might never become clean or look the same again. Blood covers the decks. The smoke and oil seem to have reached everywhere. Yet a day or two later, you look about you and, if it were not for the try-works and the special whaling boats hanging at the ship's sides, you would almost say you were on some passenger ship, with a very clean and particular captain.

The whale oil becomes a special cleaning material, and the decks never look so white as just after a so-called "cutting-in party." Also, from the ashes of the burned pieces of fat a strong cleaning chemical* is made and, wherever any oil still sticks* to the ship, this chemical quickly removes it. Hands go over every inch of the ship's decks, masts, and sides, and with pails of water bring them back to their natural white state. All the ropes, hooks, knives, hammers and other things which have been used are similarly cleaned and put away. Finally, when all else has been done, the men turn to themselves, wash* carefully from head to foot, put on clean clothes, and come up on deck all very much pleased with themselves and with their fresh, new appearance.

Yet, mark; above in the mast-heads already stand three men looking out for more whales. If killed, these whales will cause the ship to become as dirty again as before. Yes, and many is the time when, after a long period of the

most difficult work continuing straight through for ninety-six hours, this very thing happens. The men have rowed for hours in the boats until their arms pain them; they have come back to the ship to begin the work of raising the whale, stripping his fat and boiling it down in the try-works. On top of all this they have finally cleaned up the ship. Then from above there suddenly comes the sharp cry of "There she blows!", and away they must fly to fight another whale and go through the whole thing again. Oh, my friends, but this is man-killing. Yet, I suppose, this is also life. For, just as in our everyday lives, hardly do we come out of one difficulty when—*there she blows!*—we find ourselves faced with another, and away we must sail to fight against this newest problem, without ever having had time to rest up from the first.

Exercises

A

1. How was Stubb's whale brought back to the ship?
2. Why did Ahab show little interest in the whale which had been killed?
3. Why, when a whale is brought alongside at night, is it the custom to wait until the next day to begin cutting him up?
4. In what manner is the whale usually tied to the ship?
5. Why could the whale not be left alone for the night?
6. How are the sharks kept away from the whale?
7. Why was there nothing religious about the Sunday that followed the killing of the whale?
8. Why is it difficult to cut off the head of a whale?
9. How is the fat removed from the body of the whale?
10. What is done on deck with the strips of fat after they are peeled off the whale?
11. Use these new words in sentences: *hardly, remind, tie, shark, razor, companion, continuous, miss, thick, hook, machine, strip, peel, orange, dance.*
12. Use these in sentences: *to get away from, to stand watch, to keep awake, to come to life, to wake up, to take advantage of.*

1. After the fat has been removed from the whale, what is done with the bones which remain? 2. How is the oil removed from the head of the whale? 3. About how many gallons of oil are to be found in the head of a large whale? 4. What are the "try-works"? 5. In what manner are the oil and fat boiled down before being stored away? 6. Where and how is the oil finally stored away? 7. How is the ship cleaned after a so-called "cutting-in party"? 8. In what way does the ship often become dirty very soon again? 9. Why does Ishmael say that the business of killing whales and cutting them up is often "man-killing"? 10. Use these new words in sentences: *size, pure, gallon, pail, boil, furnace, pot, barrel, scene, flame, chemical, stick, wash*. 11. Use these words once as nouns and once as verbs: *stick, turn, peel, sign, head, store, place, burn, hold, roll, smoke, hand, mark, pain*. 12. Use these in sentences: *by far, time after time, to float away, to stand still, to boil down, to shoot up*.

CHAPTER 13

A

No whales were seen or killed during the next week or two to cause the ship to become dirty again, but something else happened which gave all of us in the crew considerable* work to do. It is the custom on all whaling ships, while at sea, to pump* out the holds each morning. This helps to keep them clean; it also shows whether there are any leaks* in any of the things stored there. On this day a great deal of oil came up with the water. It looked as if some of the barrels placed there must be leaking. This was very serious. Though the leak might be in some of the front barrels and easily found, it might also lie far to the back among the ship's regular stores, placed so as not to be moved until near the end of the ship's long trip. Starbuck went down at once to the captain's cabin to report* the matter.

Now from the south and west the *Pequod* was drawing near to Formosa and the Bashee Islands, between which lies one of the courses from the China waters into the Pacific. So Starbuck found Ahab with a general map of this section before him; he also had another map showing the long east shores of the Japanese islands—Nippon, Matsmai, and Sikoke. Ahab sat with his back to the door, studying, probably, the course to be followed in his mad* hunt for the white whale.

"Who's there?" asked Ahab, hearing the knock at the door but not turning around. "On deck! Get out of here!"

"Captain Ahab is making a mistake. It is I, Starbuck. The oil in the hold is leaking. We must break out all the ship's stores."

"Break out all stores—now that we are nearing Japan? Stop here for a week and fool around breaking out two or three hundred old barrels? Starbuck, you must be mad," said Ahab.

"Either do that, Sir, or lose in one day more oil than we may make good in a year. What we came twenty thousand miles to find, we must try to keep."

"As I see it, we have not found anything yet."

"I was speaking of the oil in the hold, Sir."

"And I was not speaking of the oil in the hold but of something else. Get out of here, Starbuck. Let the oil leak. I too am full of leaks. My strength* and my spirit all run out through them—but I have no time to stop and think about such things."

"What will the owners say?" asked Starbuck.

"Let the owners all go to the devil. What do I care? Owners, owners! You're always talking to me, Starbuck, about the owners—as though it were they, and not I, who ruled this ship. Now get up on deck."

"Captain Ahab," said the first officer, growing red in the face. He moved farther into the cabin. "A better man than I might take from you that which he would refuse to take from a younger man—or from a happier one, Captain Ahab."

"The devil! Do you dare* to speak back to me?"

"No, Sir, not yet. But I do dare to be understanding. Why can't we both try to understand each other better than before, Captain Ahab?"

Ahab picked up a gun* from the shelf (forming part of most South Sea men's cabin furniture) and aiming it at Starbuck, cried: "There is one God who rules over the

world, and one captain who rules over the *Pequod*. On deck with you."

For a moment, from the wild expression of his eyes and his red cheeks and face, you would have thought that Starbuck had been shot by Ahab's gun. But, trying not to show his feelings, Starbuck rose calmly and, as he left the cabin, stopped for a moment and said:

"I shall not tell you to fear me in the future, Captain Ahab. You would only laugh at that. But let Ahab fear Ahab—you should be afraid of yourself, old man."

"You speak bravely—yet I see that at the same time you leave," cried Ahab as Starbuck disappeared. Then to himself Ahab spoke: "What's that he said—let Ahab fear Ahab? There's something there." He walked several times around the cabin, deep in thought. Then at last he stopped, his expression changed. He put the gun back on the shelf and went up on deck.

"You are too good a fellow, Starbuck," Ahab said slowly to the first officer. Then raising his voice, he cried to the crew: "Take in all sails, front and back. We are stopping here. Break out all stores in the holds."

It is perhaps useless to try to understand why it was that, toward Starbuck, Ahab acted in this way. It may be that he knew at heart that Starbuck was right. Or he may have been afraid of Starbuck's influence over the crew and of what might happen if he fought openly against the first officer. In any case, the work of opening up the ship's holds was begun at once. It was found that the barrels last placed in the holds were completely sound and that the leak must be farther off. So, it being calm weather, the crew broke into the holds deeper and deeper. So deep did they have to go that little remained at last in the far, dark corners of the several holds. Row upon row of barrels of oil, water, and ship's food, stored for the long three-year trip of the

Pequod, were brought out and piled* high on the deck until it was almost impossible to walk about. The ship was top-heavy, and it was fortunate no storm came up while all this was going on

B

It was at this time that my poor companion and close friend, Queequeg, fell sick with a fever, which nearly brought him to his end. He had been working deep in one of the holds directing part of the crew and, as always, doing most of the work himself. The air in the hold was hot, wet, and bad-smelling. One breathed with great difficulty. Without clothes to cover his body, Queequeg climbed about the boxes and barrels, sweating* freely. Despite his great strength, suddenly he felt cold. Soon he fell sick. Fever set in. He was put to bed and remained there, growing weaker and weaker, until after several days there seemed little left of him except his bones and his tattoos. As his face grew thinner, his eyes became more round.* There was an expression of death in them. This great savage—so simple and honest in everything he did—seemed about to leave this sad and troubled world.

There was not a man on board who did not give him up. As for Queequeg himself, what he thought of his situation was shown by a curious wish he now had. He called one of the men to him one morning, when day was just breaking, and said that while in Nantucket he had chanced to see certain little canoes of dark wood—like the dark, rich wood of his own islands at home. He had also learned that all whalemén who died were always placed in these dark canoes. This idea pleased him greatly for it was similar to the custom of his own people: there, in the islands where he was born, when any great man died he

was put in his own canoe and left to float away on the seas. It was believed that, far away in the distance, the sea and the heavens met; there, man came to his final resting place with God. Queequeg said that he wanted to be laid* away in this manner. He did not at all like the usual sea custom of being wrapped up in a sail and thrown into the sea, like something unwanted, for the sharks to eat. As soon as his wish was made known, the ship's first officer, Starbuck, gave orders that it be carried out. The ship's carpenter was called and told to make up a coffin such as Queequeg wanted. The carpenter came with his rule and carefully measured Queequeg's body. From some old wood on board, he then made up a very good coffin in the form of a canoe.

"Ah, poor fellow! He'll have to die now," said the carpenter after he had driven the last nail into the coffin, and the work was completed.

But Queequeg was very much pleased. To everyone's surprise, when he heard that the coffin was ready, he asked that it be brought to him at once. He looked it over with great interest. Then he called for his harpoon and asked that it be put into the box with him. He also asked that food to eat and some water to drink be placed there for him. Then, according to his wish, he himself was lowered into the coffin to try its size. He lay there smiling and almost happy; in his hand he held his little black god Yojo.

But now that everything was prepared for his death, Queequeg suddenly began to feel better. As to the reason for this sudden change, he simply said that he had just remembered something he had left undone on shore. So he could not die as yet, and had changed his mind about the whole thing. When asked whether to live or die was a matter of his own choosing, he answered: "certainly!" In a word, he believed that if a man made up his mind to live, then he could not die simply from being sick. Only

a whale, or something much stronger than his own will, could kill him.

So in a short time my Queequeg became strong again. After sitting on deck for a few days and resting he suddenly got to his feet, threw out his long arms and legs, and jumped into one of the whaling boats. Picking up a harpoon and raising it above his head, he said he felt ready for a fight. As to the coffin which had been built specially for him, he began to use it now as a sea chest.* He put his clothes and other things which he owned into it, arranging everything in very careful order. He also spent many hours cutting into the cover of the box all manner of curious figures and drawings. These were very similar to the tattooings on his body and, according to Queequeg, represented a whole history of the world and the heavens. Queequeg was proud of his work and also of the coffin in general. Yet, a week or so later, when the ship's life-buoy* was lost, Queequeg generously* offered to let his coffin be used to take its place. A man had fallen into the sea from one of the mast-heads, and the life-buoy, a long, thin box, was thrown to him. The man was brought back on board, but the box was so old it soon filled with water and disappeared. Nothing else could be found on the ship to take its place. So Queequeg suggested* his coffin. Some of the crew did not like the idea of using a coffin as the ship's life-buoy, but Starbuck called the carpenter and told him to fix it up as best he could. The carpenter nailed down the cover, closed all the holes where water might enter, and in general made it air-tight*. Queequeg's coffin now became the ship's life-buoy. From this time on, it hung in the usual place at the back of the ship. So beautifully had Queequeg worked on it, cutting into the cover his strange figures, that probably no ship in the world ever had a richer looking life-buoy.

Exercises

A

1. Why is it the custom on whaling ships to pump out the holds every morning? 2. Why was it serious to find a leak in some of the barrels of oil stored in the hold? 3. Where was the *Pequod* sailing at this time? 4. When Starbuck went to Ahab's cabin, what was Ahab doing? 5. Why did Ahab not wish to break out the ship's stores? 6. What did Ahab pick up from the shelf and aim at Starbuck? 7. What did Starbuck mean when he said that Ahab "should fear Ahab"? 8. What did Ahab do after Starbuck left? 9. Going up on deck, what orders did Ahab give? 10. Why was the deck of the *Pequod* soon piled high with all the ship's stores? 11. Use these new words in sentences: *considerable, pump, leak, west, mad, strength, dare, gun, pile*. 12. Use these in sentences: *to pump out, to draw near, to fool around, to pick up*.

B

1. Who fell sick with a fever at this time? 2. In what way did Queequeg become sick? 3. Why did everyone feel sure that Queequeg was going to die? 4. What curious wish did Queequeg have at this time? 5. What was the custom followed in Queequeg's country whenever a great man died? 6. Why did Queequeg not like the usual ship's custom of wrapping a dead person in a sail and throwing him into the sea? 7. Who was called to make up a coffin for Queequeg? 8. After everything was ready for his death, what did Queequeg suddenly decide? 9. What happened to the ship's regular life-buoy? 10. What did the ship's carpenter do in order to change Queequeg's coffin into a life-buoy? 11. Which *two* of the following words rhyme with each other: *board, tired, feared, dared, sword, world*? 12. Use these new words in sentences: *sweat, round, lay, chest, buoy, generous, suggest, tight*.

CHAPTER 14

A

The *Pequod* sailed on. The rolling waves and days went by. The life-buoy-coffin swung* lightly at the back of the ship. We had passed the Bashee Islands and had come at last to the Pacific. One great dream of my life had now been answered—to sail upon this great sea. It lay before us calm and smiling. Yet, before many days, it rose to show us its great strength. A storm came up that nearly ruined our ship, and almost took our lives. However, with God's help, we passed through this storm and were able to continue on our course toward the Japanese fishing waters.

The weeks that had gone before were busy ones. A number of whales had been seen and several killed. In one case, we drove straight into a whole herd* of whales—more than two hundred swimming together at the same time. Whales generally travel alone or in schools of eight or ten, but in recent* years they had been found traveling in much greater numbers. Possibly since man has begun to hunt them so savagely in all parts of the world, they find this the best means of protecting* themselves. We planned at first to pick off only those whales at the outside of the herd, but the fish, growing suddenly very excited, began to swim in all directions like so many frightened animals. They knocked against the boats from all sides, and we were fortunate at last to get away with our lives. We killed only one whale, all of which bears out an old

saying in the whaling business: The more whales, the less fish!

A few days later, however, we were more successful and killed four whales in one day. Each of the four boats that went out brought back a whale. One of these boats was an extra* boat that had been made ready for Ahab and his special crew. Ahab had gone out in this extra boat that day and he himself killed one of the four whales.

All during this period Ahab seemed to grow more nervous and restless*. He was on deck now almost every minute of the day and night, going to his cabin to sleep for only two or three hours at a time. He also ate most of his meals* on deck. The cabin-boy brought him his breakfast and dinner, the only two meals he ever ate. He would walk from one side of the ship to the other and then, with his bone leg in its accustomed hole on the deck, stand looking out to sea for hours on end.

The only person to whom Ahab spoke was Fedallah, the head of his special crew of yellow men. Fedallah had become Ahab's shadow*, following him everywhere and almost never leaving him. What the two of them talked about no one knew—but it was clear that Ahab's thoughts were on only one thing—the killing of Moby Dick. Every action, every one of his movements was directed toward this end. He ordered a special harpoon made for him. The iron* of this harpoon was of special strength. The points were made razor-sharp. He spent hours oiling this harpoon, rubbing it down, handling it with almost loving care. He also had the carpenter build a special kind of chair for him. By means of this chair and a series* of ropes tied to it, he could be raised to a position just above the mast-heads and there look out for whales himself.

Such had become Ahab's state of mind that he no longer believed in the crew or in the officers of the ship. He began

to feel that perhaps they were all against him and that the look-outs in the mast-heads, even if they saw Moby Dick, would not report to him. So he himself was often raised on high to keep watch for any whale that might appear. Ahab, by this time, had become a completely sick man. His mind was slowly being eaten up by the one savage idea that controlled* all his thinking.

B

We had passed one whaling ship during this period and, as we went deeper now into Japanese waters, were soon to meet others. The first ship we met was the *Samuel Enderby*, an English* boat. We were nearing the Pacific at the time. The boat was on its way back home to London. Ahab called out to the ship, as was his custom, "Have you seen anything of the white whale?" When the captain of the other ship answered that he knew the white whale well, a boat was lowered at once from the *Pequod* and Ahab went to visit the other ship. The captain of the *Samuel Enderby*, it was then learned, had lost an arm to Moby Dick. Yet he was not angry about this. It was all part of the dangerous business of whaling. The whale was too strong for him, he felt, and they had made a foolish mistake in going after it.

He told his story in this way: "We had lowered after a school of four or five whales, and my boat got fast to one of them. We were about to pull up alongside of him when this great grandfather of a whale with a snow-white back and a deeply lined forehead suddenly appeared. He ran through the school and started biting at my line—as though trying to free the fast fish."

"Yes, that's an old trick* of his," broke in Ahab.

"Somehow—I don't know how exactly—the line got

caught* in one of his teeth," continued the other captain. "And when we started to pull in on the line, heavens, we came right up on the white whale's back instead of the other whale's, which went swimming away. Seeing how matters stood and what a great whale he was, the biggest I ever saw in my life, we decided to go after him despite the fact that he seemed boiling mad. I therefore jumped into my first officer's boat, which lay right alongside of mine, and picking up the first harpoon, let this white old grandfather have it. But I don't mind telling you—the next minute all hell* broke loose. That whale's tail went straight up in the air and then came down on top of the boat like a hammer. The boat was broken in two; the pieces flew in every direction. We all struck out for our lives. To escape* the awful movements of the whale's tail I took hold of the harpoon sticking in his side. But at that moment a great wave came along and knocked me off. At the same time the whale dove down under the water. A second harpoon had become caught in the line of the first. The points of this second harpoon tore into my arm at the shoulder and came out almost at my hand. Later the whole arm had to be removed, or I might have died. I was laid up in bed for several months."

"Several months?" said Ahab, a little sharply. He had listened carefully to the captain's story, but when he heard that all of this had happened some time ago he suddenly seemed to lose interest. He already knew many stories of this kind about Moby Dick. What he wanted to learn was where Moby Dick was to be found. "But have you seen the white whale since that time?" he asked.

"Twice," answered the other captain.

"But you couldn't get fast to him?" asked Ahab.

"Didn't want to try—isn't one arm enough to lose? What would I do without the other arm? No more white whale

for me. I lowered for him once and that satisfied me. He's best let alone, don't you think so, Captain?" looking toward Ahab's leg.

"He is—but he will still be hunted," answered Ahab. "When did you last see him?"

"Some time ago. I believe it was somewhere near the Line (Equator). I don't remember exactly."

"Fool!" said Ahab and turned suddenly away. His expression showed that he felt he had been wasting* valuable* time. Then to Fedallah he said, "Man the boat. Let's get away from here."

"Good God! What's the matter?" said the English captain. "The fish was heading east, I believe." Then turning to Fedallah he asked, "Is your captain crazy*?"

Fedallah did not answer but, following Ahab, went silently over the side of the ship to the boat below. With his back to the stranger ship and his face set as though in stone, Ahab stood in the back of the boat until rowed to where the *Pequod* lay waiting for him.

Exercises

A

1. What great dream of Ishmael's life had now come true?
2. How did the Pacific, at first so calm, soon show its great strength?
3. Why did the crew of the *Pequod*, coming upon a whole herd of whales, succeed in killing only one?
4. How did Ahab act during this period?
5. Did he now remain on deck little or much of the time?
6. Who was his companion at all times?
7. What special harpoon did he have made up for himself?
8. What did the carpenter make for him in order that he might be raised up to the mast-head?
9. Why did he no longer believe in the crew or the officers?
10. Use these new words in sentences: *recent, protect, extra, restless, meal, iron, control*.
11. Which of these words is not spelled correctly: *controlled, accustem, knocked, continued, strength*?
12. Use these in sentences: *to go by, to come up, to pick off, to knock against, hours on end, to believe in, to eat up*.

1. Was the *Samuel Enderby* an English boat or an American boat?
2. How had the captain of the *Samuel Enderby* lost his arm?
3. Why was he not angry at having lost this arm to Moby Dick?
4. Why did Moby Dick run through the school of whales and bite at the harpoon line?
5. What happened to the captain of the *Samuel Enderby* when he took hold of the harpoon sticking in Moby Dick's side?
6. How long ago had all of this happened?
7. Why did Ahab suddenly seem to lose interest in the captain's story?
8. Did he leave the *Samuel Enderby* in a friendly or unfriendly manner?
9. Give the *past tense* of these irregular verbs: *catch, know, let, bring, take, put, feel, run, come, lie, lay, break, strike*.
10. Use these new words in sentences: *catch, trick, hell, escape, fool, waste, valuable*.

CHAPTER 15

The second ship which we met was the *Rachel*. This meeting took place several weeks after our conversation on board the *Samuel Enderby*. We were already deep into the fishing waters off the shores of Japan and about to turn south toward the Line (Equator). The weather was warm and pleasant. For twelve, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty hours on end, the men were busy in the boats, steadily pulling or sailing after whales or, for periods of sixty or seventy minutes, calmly waiting for them to rise. Yet we had small success for all our pains and killed few whales. From a long distance away, this day, the *Rachel* could be seen bearing down upon us. Men stood all along her sides looking out to sea. As she drew near, her sails were suddenly lowered and the ship seemed preparing to stop completely.

"Bad news! She brings bad news," said one of our crew.

"Have you seen the white whale?" cried out Ahab before the other captain, who stood ready to call to us, had time to speak.

"Yes, yesterday. Have you seen a whale-boat floating about?" came the answer.

Ahab's body seemed to grow tense*. Yet trying not to show the sudden excitement* which he felt he answered that no whale-boat had been seen by the *Pequod*. He would have wished to go on board the *Rachel* but a boat had been lowered and her captain was already preparing to come on board the *Pequod*. The *Rachel* lay close to us. A

few sharp pulls on the oars, and the small boat was alongside. The captain came up on deck. He happened to be a Nantucketer whom Ahab knew well. But Ahab gave no sign of being friendly.

"Where was he? Not killed—not killed?" cried Ahab, going up close to the man. "How was it?"

It seemed that late in the afternoon of the day before, three of the *Rachel's* boats were busy with a school of whales which had led them three or four miles away from the ship. They were following these whales when the white head and back of Moby Dick suddenly came up out of the blue* waters not far away from the ship. At once a fourth boat was lowered to go after him. After a quick sail before the wind, this fourth boat, an extra boat and particularly fast, seemed to have succeeded* in getting fast to the white whale. At least*, so it appeared to the look-out who stood watching from the ship's mast-head. But soon he saw the boat move farther away into the distance and finally disappear completely. It was supposed that the whale had run away with the boat, as often happens. For this reason, nothing more was thought about the matter at the time. Night came on and none of the four boats had as yet returned to the ship. The ship was forced, first, to go after the three boats which had gone out earlier. These boats lay in a wholly different direction from that in which the fourth boat had gone. When these first three boats were picked up, the ship then started out after the fourth boat. But it was now late at night. Lights were placed in all the mast-heads and fires were even started in the try-works as a means of leading the lost boat back to the ship. All of the crew stood watch continuously as look-outs in different parts of the ship. But though the ship sailed a considerable distance and the whale-boats were lowered several times to hunt around where it was supposed the

boat had last been seen, it could not be found. Night passed and morning came. The *Rachel* continued looking for the lost boat. But there was still no sign of the boat or of any of its crew.

His story having been told, the stranger captain went on to give his reasons for coming on board the *Pequod*. He wanted us to help him look for the lost whale-boat and by sailing over the sea four or five miles apart in a straight line to cover the whole section for many miles around.

"I'll bet*," said Stubb to Flask, "that someone in the missing boat took with him the captain's best coat or his watch. He seems to want to get it back so badly. But who ever heard of two whaling ships stopping and going after a missing whale-boat right in the middle* of the whaling season?* See, Flask, how pale he looks and worried*."

"My boy, my own boy is among them. In the name of God, I ask your help," said the *Rachel's* captain to Ahab, who up to now had listened coldly to the other's story. "For forty-eight hours let me use your ship. I will gladly pay for it and pay well—if there is no other way. You must, oh, you must, and you *shall* help me."

"His son," said Stubb. "Oh, it's his own son he lost. I take back the coat and watch. What does Ahab say? Surely, we must help the poor fellow find his boy."

Now what made things on board the *Rachel* even more sad was the circumstance that not only was one of the captain's sons among the lost crew, but another son had formed part of the crew of one of the three boats that first went out. So when later none* of the four boats returned to the ship the captain, greatly worried, could not decide which of the boats to go after. The first officer pointed out that, according to whaling custom, when several boats are in a dangerous situation, the ship must go to pick up the majority* first. Therefore, the ship had gone after the

three boats first and in this way brought one of the sons back. Meanwhile the fourth boat, with the captain's second son in it, had been left far behind in the opposite* direction. Later it could not be found anywhere. The captain was almost beside himself. The young son who was lost was a boy only twelve years old. His father had brought him along on the trip to teach him the business of whaling. Many whaling captains trained their sons in this way though more often they would send them out to work on other ships, where they would be less protected and would have to work harder.

The stranger captain stood waiting now for Ahab's answer. Yet Ahab, his face showing no feeling at all, continued to eye the other coldly.

"I will not go," went on the stranger, "until you say yes to me. Do to me as you would have me do to you in similar circumstances. For you too have a boy, Captain Ahab—though only a child and at home now—a child of your old age* too. Yes, you will help me—I see it—run, run men, now, and stand ready to raise the sails."

"Stop," cried Ahab. "Do not touch the sails." Then in a voice that was calm but exact, he went on, "Captain Gardiner, I will not do it. Even now I lose valuable time. Good-bye,* good-bye! God help you—and God help me—but I must go. Mr. Starbuck, find out what time it is, and in exactly three minutes warn* all strangers to leave this ship. Then get ready to sail ahead as before."

Turning quickly away, Ahab went below to his cabin. The stranger captain looked after him as though not able to believe that anyone could be so cruel* as to refuse what he had asked. But at last he too turned away; his expression was that of a man in deep pain. Silently he walked to the ship's side, fell, more than stepped* into his boat, and returned to his ship.

At once the two ships started off. They moved in opposite directions. Yet for some time the *Rachel* could be seen sailing first one way and then another, going to whatever place seemed, at the moment, to offer a chance that that lost boat might yet be found.

Exercises

1. Where was the *Pequod* sailing when it met the *Rachel*? 2. Had the *Rachel* seen Moby Dick a short time before or long ago? 3. Did Ahab go on board the *Rachel* or did the other captain come on board the *Pequod*? 4. How many of the *Rachel's* whale-boats had gone out the day before after whales? 5. How many of these boats returned later? 6. Why was the captain of the *Rachel* so worried about losing this one boat? 7. What did he want Ahab to do? 8. What reason did Ahab give for refusing to do what the stranger captain asked? 9. How old was the young son who was lost? 10. Why had the *Rachel's* captain taken this son with him on the trip? 11. After the two ships started off, what could the *Rachel* be seen doing for some time? 12. Use these new words in sentences: *tense, excitement, blue, least, bet, season, worry, none, opposite, cruel, step*. 13. Give the opposites of these words: *hard, excited, south, warm, pleasant, rise, long, pull, well, friendly, far, least, different, start, lost, night, straight*. 14. Use these in sentences: *to take place, on board, to be about to, to bear down upon, at least, to be beside oneself*.

CHAPTER 16

A

Excitement was now high on the *Pequod*. The following day, from another ship, the *Delight*, we had still more news of Moby Dick. This ship had also seen the white whale the day before. Four men in a boat's crew had been lost when they lowered to go after him. A fifth man from the same crew had died later on board. Ahab was untouched, as always, by the tragedy* of these deaths but wildly excited to hear, for the second time in two days, that we were at last close to the white whale. He himself remained on deck continuously. Later that day, during the first night watch, he began to smell of the air in the manner of an old ship's dog when nearing his home shores. Ahab said that a whale must be near. Soon the strange smell, sometimes given off even at great distances by large whales, was clear to all those on watch. At once, following the exact direction of the smell as nearly as possible, Ahab ordered the ship's course to be changed and the sails to be made shorter.

Ahab's action proved to be well taken, for at the break of day there were signs of a whale somewhere ahead of us. The sea was calm, but light movements of the water in this section showed that a large fish was swimming just below the surface.

"Man the mast-heads. Call all hands."

Daggoo, hammering upon the deck with all his strength,

soon woke up all those sleeping below. The men poured out on the deck with their clothes in their hands.

"What do you see?" cried Ahab, calling up to the mast-heads.

"Nothing, nothing, Sir," came the answer.

Ahab then ordered that he himself be raised in his special chair to the mast-heads. When, two-thirds of the way up, he looked out between the top and middle sails, he suddenly cried out, "There she blows! There she blows! A back as white as snow. It's Moby Dick!"

Fired by the cry which was taken up at almost the same moment by the three mast-heads, the men on deck ran to the sides of the ship to get a look at the whale of which they had heard so much and which they had been following for such a long time. Ahab had now reached his position in the mast-head several feet above Tashtego. From here Ahab could see the whale clearly. Moby Dick was perhaps a mile or so ahead; with each roll of the sea he showed his high, white back. His spout rose silently into the air.

"And didn't any of you see him before?" cried Ahab to the other mast-heads.

"I saw him almost at the same moment, Sir, that you saw him, and I cried out," said Tashtego.

"Not at the same moment—not the same! No, the Spanish gold piece is mine. It is for me only. It was decided long ago. None of you could have raised the white whale—only I. There she blows! There she blows! There again—and again," cried Ahab as the whale continued to shoot his spout regularly into the air. "He's going to go down. Draw in the sails! Stand by three boats. Mr. Starbuck, remember, stay on board and keep the ship. Steady, man! Steady! There goes his tail—he's going down. All ready in the boats there? Stand by! Lower me, Mr. Star-

buck, lower, lower. Quick! Quick!" And Ahab came down again to the deck.

"He is heading away from the wind, Sir," cried Stubb. "Right away from us; he cannot have seen the ship yet."

Soon all the boats except Starbuck's were lowered—all the boat sails set, all the men rowing. Ahab's boat was in the lead; Fedallah as usual pulled the first oar. The boats flew along the water but only slowly came close to the white whale, who swam steadily ahead of them. As they neared him at last, the sea grew still more calm. It was as though a carpet had been drawn over the waves. Now Moby Dick's full white back was clearly to be seen. He moved through the water lightly, almost delicately.* The blue water danced, rose around him, rolled off his sides. A cloud of sea-birds hung in the air above him, flying now this way, now that way. Sometimes some of these birds would come to rest on the broken spears and harpoons that stuck out from his body.

The white whale moved on, showing nothing at all of the great strength that lay dangerously just below the surface of the water. Nor* could there be seen at this moment his ugly mouth or his crooked, badly-formed jaw.* Instead, he seemed more like some great sea god, taking his early morning swim. Soon the front part of him rose; the tail was thrown high into the air, and he sounded and disappeared completely. Flying above him, the white sea-birds circled*, waiting above the place in the water where he had gone down.

B

With oars raised and sails made loose, the three boats floated along, also waiting now for Moby Dick to appear again.

"One hour," said Ahab, standing in the back of the boat and looking beyond where the whale had gone down, to the whole sea about him. The wind was growing a little fresher; the sea was beginning to rise.

"The birds! The birds! Look!" cried Tashtego.

In a long line, one following directly behind the other, the white birds were now moving toward Ahab's boat; when within a short distance of it, they began flying lightly in circles just above the water. They could see something which man's eyes were not able to see. Ahab looked but could find nothing. Then at last, deep below, he saw what at first seemed only a small white mark, no bigger than a man's hand. But it soon grew quickly in size, rose, turned, and finally showed itself as two long rows of crooked white teeth, floating up from the floor of the sea. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and crooked jaw. The wide mouth lay below the boat like some great open door about to close. Ahab gave a sudden, sharp turn to the steering oar, and the boat swung around. Then calling upon Fedallah to change places with him, Ahab went to the front of the boat. He picked up a harpoon and ordered the crew to take their oars and stand ready to back water.

Now, by reason of the timely turning around of the boat, the front part was made to face the whale's head while still under water. Generally this would have been of great advantage, since a whale's eyes are set at the side of his great head and he can see nothing directly in front of him. But Moby Dick seemed to understand this trick. Seemingly intelligent, the whale also turned and dove down suddenly under the boat again. Then he rose and lay partly on his back with his great jaws open in the manner of a biting shark. The jaws kept rising from the water like the two sides of some giant scissors.* Finally, the boat lay completely between his jaws. The long lower

jaw continued to rise until it was high up in the open air. It came within six inches of Ahab's head and reached far above it. Slowly and feelingly then, the whale began to close upon the sides of the boat. Fedallah looked on calmly and without fear—but the rest of the yellow-skinned crew were falling over each other to get to the back of the boat.

While both sides of the boat were now springing in and out under the force of the whale's great jaws, Ahab, angry because the fish he hated was so near and because he could do nothing to fight against him in this position, took hold with his two hands the long bone of the whale's lower jaw and wildly tried to turn it away from the boat. But the two great scissor-like jaws continued to close. Ahab would no doubt have been caught in the whale's mouth—but the fish let loose his hold at that moment. He seemed to be getting ready to strike again with even greater force. Understanding the whale's action, Ahab jumped quickly to one side. The two great jaws closed again. The sides of the ship began to give way. Ahab, knocked to one side by the closing jaws, fell face-first into the sea. There was the loud noise of breaking wood. The whale finally cut through the boat, biting it cleanly into two pieces. The two broken ends floated apart*. The whale moved through them and swam away, almost lazily, as it seemed. The crew in the back end still went on fighting wildly; first, they had fought to escape the bite of the whale; now they worked madly to keep their part of the boat floating for the moment.

Everything had happened suddenly. The whale had come up from under Ahab's boat, and Ahab alone had seen him. The other boats learned of what was happening only when the jaws of the whale were seen rising from the water and closing upon the boat. The other crews, therefore, could do nothing except sit and wait. Moby Dick lay at a little distance from the broken boat. Now and then he

would throw his great head into the air and roll over and over in the water. But soon he began to swim around the boat in a great circle as though preparing himself for another attack.* It was as though the sight* of the broken boat and its frightened crew made him still angrier.

Ahab by this time was hanging to a piece of the broken boat and fighting to keep himself from going down. He could not swim. Only his head was to be seen above the water. From the boat's other end Fedallah looked at Ahab calmly. The rest of the crew could do nothing for him; it was more than enough for them to look after themselves. For the whale seemed to come closer each moment as he swam around them in smaller and smaller circles. The other boats dared not break into this circle for fear that it might be the sign for the whale to strike again. Therefore they waited outside, watching the whale move closer and closer to the circle's center, which seemed to be the old man's head.

Exercises

A

1. How many men had the *Delight* lost in following Moby Dick?
2. Why did Ahab begin to smell of the air in the manner of an old ship's dog?
3. Why did Ahab then order the ship's course to be changed?
4. What did Ahab see while being raised to his position in the mast-head?
5. Which of the ship's officers did Ahab tell to remain on board and keep the ship?
6. What flew above Moby Dick as he swam?
7. On what part of Moby Dick would some of these sea-birds sometimes come to rest?
8. Use these new words in sentences: *tragedy, nor, jaw, circle*.
9. Use each of the following in sentences, once as a noun and once as a verb: *touch, watch, smell, order, change, call, hammer, hand, cry, roll, spout, lead, wave, move*.
10. Use these in sentences: *to go after, at last, to give off, the break of day, to wake up, to get a look at, to stand by, in the lead, to come to rest*.

B

1. What suddenly happened to the birds which flew above Moby Dick? 2. What did Ahab see at last deep below the water? 3. Why did Ahab give a sudden sharp turn to the boat? 4. What did Moby Dick do when he saw the boat turn? 5. Why would it generally be of great advantage to be able to attack a whale head-on? 6. What kept rising steadily from the water like the two sides of some giant scissors? 7. What did Ahab try to do in order to turn the whale's jaws away from the boat? 8. Why had the other boats not come to help Ahab and his crew? 9. What was Moby Dick's purpose now in swimming in circles around the boat? 10. Show in sentences the difference between these pairs of words: *loose-lose*; *lay-lie*; *rise-raise*; *close* (verb)—*close* (adverb).

CHAPTER 17

Fortunately, from the very beginning all this had been seen from the ship's mast-heads, and with all sails raised the *Pequod* bore down upon the scene. She was now so close that Ahab in the water called to her, "Sail on the whale! Drive him off!"

The *Pequod's* front was pointed in Ahab's direction and, breaking into the circle which the whale made, she succeeded in parting Moby Dick from Ahab and the other members of the crew. As the whale angrily swam away, the other boats flew in to help.

Pulled into Stubb's boat, Ahab's tense body suddenly seemed to grow weak. His eyes were blood-shot from the sea water. He lay for a time on the floor of the boat like a man broken under a running herd of wild animals. Low cries which no one could understand came from deep within him. Yet later he moved and seemed to waken.

"The harpoon?" he said, half rising and leaning on his one arm. "Was it lost?"

"No, Sir,* for it was not thrown. Here it is," said Stubb, showing it to him.

"Lay it before me. Any men missing?"

"None. One, two, three, four, five—there were five oars and here are five men."

"That's good. Help me, man. I wish to stand. So, so, I see him. Still swimming away from the wind. What a spout he throws! Hands off from me. My strength rises in me again. Set the sail. Out oars. After him."

It is often the case when a boat is broken that the crew, being picked up by another boat, help to work this second boat. Two men sit at each oar, pulling with this extra force. So it was now. Stubb's boat, with Ahab's crew helping at the oars, shot ahead fast. Yet, though this stronger crew rowed steadily for some time, the boat still remained far behind Moby Dick. The great whale too seemed to have put on extra strength. It soon proved useless* to follow him in this way. Nor could any crew keep up this speed* for very long. The ship itself, then, as so often happens, offered the best chance of catching up with the flying whale. Accordingly, all the boats now made for the *Pequod* and were raised to their usual position at the ship's side. The broken boat, or what remained of it, was also picked up and laid in pieces on the deck. All the ship's sails were now set; the order was given for full speed.

We followed in the course of Moby Dick. At regular periods the whale's shining spout was seen by the mast-heads. Each time the look-outs would call out the news. When the whale was reported to have just gone down Ahab would mark the time carefully, and then, so soon as the last minute of the hour had passed, his voice was heard, "Whose is the Spanish gold piece now? Do you see him?" If the answer was, "No, Sir," then at once he gave the order that he himself be raised to the mast-heads where he took his position as look-out. In this way the day wore on: Ahab now on high watching out for the white whale and then again on deck walking from one side of the ship to the other, nervously waiting.

Soon, as night came on, it grew dark.

"Can't see the spout now, Sir—too dark," cried one of the men in the mast-heads.

"How was he heading when last seen?"

"As before, Sir—straight away from the wind."

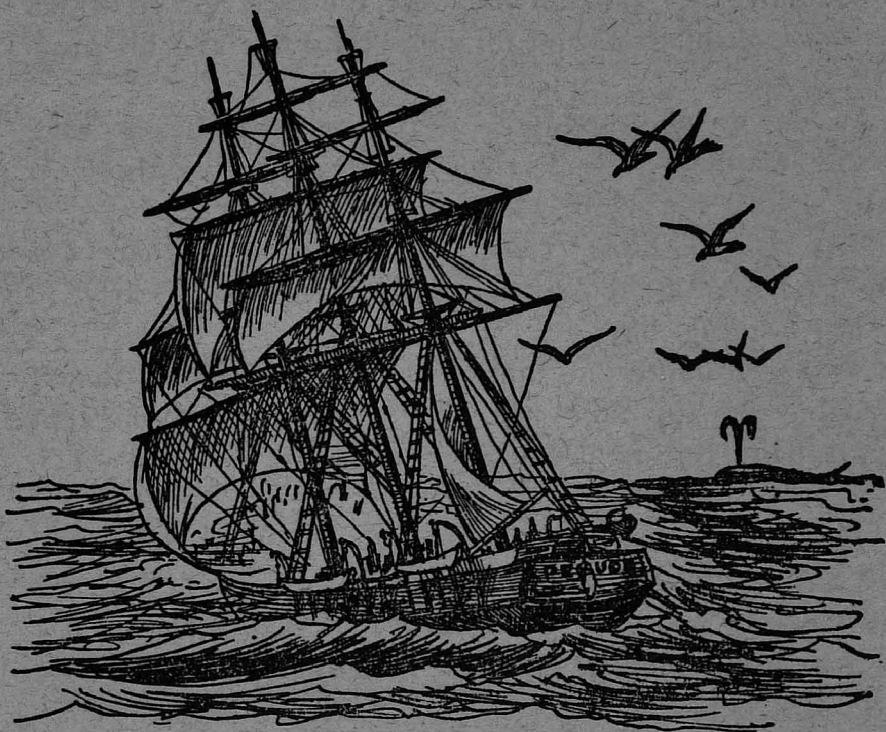
"Good! He will travel slower now that it is night. Draw in the top sails. We must not run over him before morning. He may slow up and rest a while. Look-outs, come down. Mr. Stubb, send a fresh hand to the front mast-head and see that it is manned until morning." Then going toward the Spanish gold piece nailed to the center mast, Ahab continued. "Men, this gold piece is mine, for I was the first one to raise the white whale—but I shall leave it here until the white whale is dead; and then, the man who first raises him on the day he is killed, this gold will be his. And if on that day I shall raise him again, ten times this money will be divided among all of you. Away now—the deck is yours, Mr. Stubb."

And so saying, Ahab went to his usual place at the back of the ship. His hat was pulled well down over his eyes. There he remained until the break of day except that at times he would seem to wake and look at the hour to see how the night wore on.

Exercises

1. How did the *Pequod* separate the whale from Ahab and his boat's crew? 2. In what condition was Ahab when he was pulled into Stubb's boat? 3. What orders did Ahab give as soon as he was able to stand up? 4. When one crew is picked up by another boat, what does this crew help the second crew to do? 5. Why was Stubb's boat, even with the help of Ahab's crew, not able to catch up with Moby Dick? 6. Why did the boats now return to the *Pequod*? 7. As night came on, what orders did Ahab give? 8. How did Ahab pass the rest of the day? 9. How did he pass the night? 10. Give the noun form of these adjectives: *direct*, *angry*, *deep*, *strong*, *high*, *nervous*, *dead*.

CHAPTER 18



The PEQUOD tore on

A

Here it should be explained that this chase* of a particular whale, continuing through day into night and through night into the following day is by no means unusual among whaling ships. For most Nantucket whaling captains are so well trained and their experience is so great that, simply by watching a whale in action over a certain period of time, they come to know a great deal

about him. They must consider such things as the force of the wind, the condition of the sea at the particular time. But, already knowing something of the whale's size, form, and habits, they can tell not only the direction in which he will continue to swim for some time but also his probable speed.

At day-break, therefore, the three mast-heads were freshly manned. The *Pequod* was ready to continue its fight against the white whale.

"Do you see him?" cried Ahab as soon as there was enough light for the look-outs to be able to see clearly.

"See nothing, Sir."

"Wake all hands and make sail. He travels faster than I thought—the top sails—yes, they should have been kept on all night. But, no matter, we'll catch up with him yet."

The *Pequod* tore on.

"By heavens, this speed is enough to excite any man," said Stubb after a time. "It moves up one's back and legs and makes a body feel good all over. Yes, this ship and I are two brave fellows. Ha! Ha! We travel fast and leave little dust behind."

"There she blows! She blows—she blows—right ahead," was now the mast-head cry.

"Aye, Aye¹," cried Stubb. "I knew it. You can't escape us, old whale. Blow on and break open your spout. Put on more speed. Burst your black heart. But our mad captain will get you. Ahab is after you. He'll find you no matter where you go."

Stubb spoke for all the crew. The excitement of the chase had by this time worked upon all of them again. Whatever pale fears some of the men might have felt before were kept out of sight because of the dark influence of Ahab

¹ Aye—a word used only by sailors and meaning, more or less, yes.

over everyone, both officers and crew. They were as one man now, not thirty.

"Why don't you sing out if you see him?" cried Ahab when, for some minutes after the first cry, nothing more was heard. "Raise me up, men; you have been fooled. Moby Dick does not throw up one spout that way and then disappear."

It was so. In their excitement the men had mistaken some other thing for the whale's spout; for hardly had Ahab reached his position in the mast-head when another cry went up from a dozen different voices at the same time. Much nearer the boat than the place of the supposed whale-spout, less than a mile ahead, Moby Dick had burst into sight. Not by his spout was he now to be seen but by the appearance of his whole body raised for the moment completely out of the water. Rising from the lowest part of the sea with the greatest speed, large whales are often carried bodily in this way right up into the air. At such times they can be seen at a distance of seven miles or more.

"There he rises! There he rises!" was now the cry from all sides as the crew looked on wide-eyed.

"Aye, rise to the sun for the last time, Moby Dick," cried Ahab. "Your hour and your harpoon are at hand. Down, down, all of you look-outs. Only one man remain at the front mast. The boats—stand by."

The men flew down the ropes to the deck with break-neck speed. Ahab, less quickly but steadily, was dropped from his position.

"Lower away!" cried Ahab as soon as he had reached his boat—an extra one, made ready the day before. "Mr. Starbuck, the ship is yours—keep away from the boats but at the same time keep near them. Lower all."

But as if to strike a quick fear into everyone by being

the first to attack this time, Moby Dick had turned and came at once for the three boats when they were but a short distance away from the ship. Ahab's boat was in the center. He told the men he would take the whale head-and-head, that is, pull straight up to his forehead. In this way the whale, with eyes only at the side of his head, would be at poor advantage. But before this could be done and while all three boats were still as clear to the whale's eye as the ship's three masts, Moby Dick turned and rushed* among the boats with open jaws and swinging tail. He paid no attention to the harpoons and spears thrown at him from every boat but seemed set on breaking into pieces whatever he could reach with his great tail.

For a time, by quick steering and turning, the boats escaped his blows. But soon the spear and harpoon lines, caught in him, became so crossed* and re-crossed that the boats were no longer able to move freely. Little by little, with each turn of the whale's body, the boats were being drawn closer to him. Ahab quickly cut his own lines free of the others and was able to move out of the whale's course. But the boats of Flask and Stubb were not so fortunate. When the whale made another sudden rush at them, the two boats were knocked together with such force that they flew into a thousand pieces. The whale then dove down, leaving these pieces and the rest of the boats' furniture dancing on the waves above the place where he went down. The two crews swam madly about in the water, reaching out for floating oars or whatever they could take hold of. Flask kept jumping up and down and throwing his arms about him to keep off the sharks. Flask called out continuously for someone to pick him up. When, next, Ahab and his crew moved in to help, their boat suddenly seemed to rise up out of the water as though pulled up to the heavens by a hundred unseen ropes. So clever* and

intelligent was the whale that he had followed Ahab's boat under the water. He had come up directly under it and struck it head-on with his broad forehead. The boat flew up into the air, turned over and over several times, and fell face-down into the water. Slowly Ahab and his crew struggled* out from under it like so many frightened animals coming up out of some watery hole.

B

One might think that at this point the white whale would have been satisfied with the ruin he had caused. Yet still he waited. He lay for some time on the surface of the water, feeling from one side to the other with his great tail. Whenever a floating oar or any piece of wood touched his skin, he drew back his tail and swung at it savagely. Only when the *Pequod* bore down on the scene, exactly as it had done the day before, did he give this up. Then he turned slowly and swam away at a traveler's easy speed.

The *Pequod* had watched the whole fight just as on the day before. Now, again, it moved in to help the struggling sailors. A boat was dropped over the side, and men, oars, spears, and whatever else could be picked up, were brought up on board. Some of the men were badly shaken up, but none was hurt* seriously. As with Fedallah the day before, Ahab had been picked up holding on to his boat's broken half, which he used as a float. His condition was not bad. But when he was helped on board, all eyes were turned to him. Instead of standing by himself, he leaned heavily upon the shoulder of Starbuck, who had helped him over the side. His bone leg had been broken off, leaving only one short, sharp piece sticking out.

"Aye,* Aye, Starbuck," said Ahab. "It's good to lean

sometime on a friend, and perhaps old Ahab should have leaned on you more often than he has."

"I put good work into that leg," broke in the ship's carpenter, who had made the leg for Ahab. "But I can soon make you another, Sir."

"You have no bones broken, Sir, I hope," asked Stubb.

"No, I am all right," answered Ahab. "Yet even with a bone broken, old Ahab would be the same—still untouched, still unchanged. Nor white whale, nor man, nor devil can ever reach into the center of my being. Ahab is too strong for any of them. On high, there! Which way is he going?"

"Dead away from the wind, Sir."

"Then pile on sail again, ship-keepers. Down the rest of the extra boats and get them ready. How this hated leg pains me!"

"Let me take you to your cabin, Sir," said Starbuck.

"No, just give me something for a cane. That broken spear will do," said Ahab. "And go now, Starbuck, and bring all the men together. By Heavens, I have not seen him yet. Where is Fedallah? It cannot be. Missing? Quick! Call the men."

The old man's fears were proven right, for when Starbuck had called all the men together, Fedallah was not among them. "Gone? Gone? Fedallah gone?" said Ahab as though unable to take in this fact.

"Aye, Sir," said Stubb. "He got caught in one of the lines. I thought I saw him being pulled under."

Ahab's eye fell on the pile of things lying on the deck, picked up by the ship. "My harpoon too?" he said. "Look there at those things. Do you see it? Is it there? My harpoon and the white whale's too. No, No! Fool that I am. I threw it myself. It is still sticking in the fish. On high there! Keep him in sight. All hands to their work. Get ready the extra boats. Quick! Harpooners, look to your harpoons. Set all

sails. I'll circle the earth ten times and dive straight through it if necessary—but I'll kill him yet."

"My captain," said Starbuck, unable to keep silent longer. "In God's name, I pray you to give up this mad chase. Never, never will you catch the white whale. For two days now we have followed him, and twice the boats have been broken to pieces. Again, your leg has been taken from under you. Fedallah, your very shadow, is gone. Are these not warnings enough? What more do you need? Shall we keep chasing this murdering fish until he kills all of us?"

"Starbuck," said Ahab. "Of late I have felt strangely moved toward you. Perhaps you are right. But remember that Ahab is for ever Ahab. This whole thing has been decided in heaven long ago, written down in the books there for perhaps a million years. What I do, I must do. I am God's lieutenant. I act under orders. There is no other course open to me." Then turning to the crew, he continued, "Stand round me, men. You see an old man cut down to one leg and leaning on a broken spear. It is Ahab, yes, but never fear. It is only Ahab's body which you see. My spirit has a hundred legs and walks on a hundred feet. Nor will it ever break. Do you believe in signs, men? Then listen. Before they drown*, drowning things rise twice to the surface, then rise again to go down for the third time. So it is with Moby Dick. Two days he has floated. Tomorrow* will be the third. Yes, he'll rise once more—but only to spout his last. Do you feel brave, men?"

"We are not afraid, Captain," said Stubb, speaking for the crew.

"Good," said Ahab. He turned away. Without help other than the broken spear on which he leaned, he struggled alone over to the ship's side. The men watched him in silence, then turned back to their work.

Night soon came on. The whale was still in sight, swimming straight ahead.

As it grew dark, the sails were made shorter once more. Everything passed exactly as on the night before. Only the sound of hammers broke the heavy silence as the men, by the light of lanterns, worked right through until morning getting the extra boats ready and making sharp the spears and harpoons for use the following day. With some special whale-bone kept on board, the ship's carpenter also worked, making for Ahab a new bone leg. Ahab himself remained alone at the back of the ship as on the night before. Again he marked the hours and waited in silence for the morning to come.

Exercises

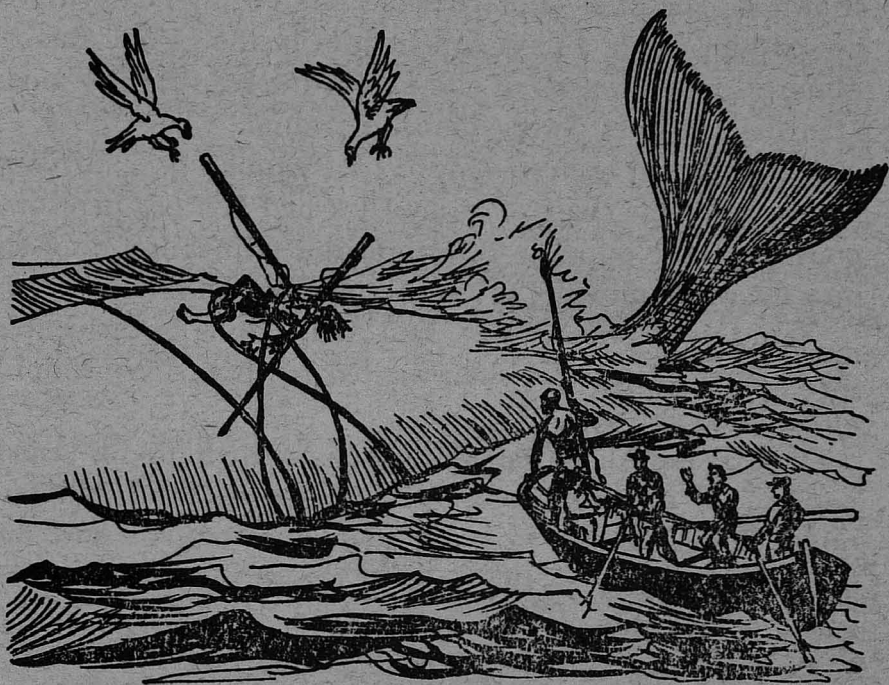
A

1. Are most Nantucket whaling captains well trained or poorly trained? 2. How are they able to continue the chase of one particular whale from one day through another? 3. In what way had the excitement of the chase begun to work upon all the crew? 4. How was Moby Dick next sighted—by his spout or by the appearance of his whole body rising above the water? 5. What seemed to be Moby Dick's reason for attacking the boats at once? 6. In what way did he attack them? 7. How were the boats at first able to escape the blows of his tail? 8. Why were the boats being drawn closer and closer to the whale? 9. What did Ahab do in order to move out of the whale's course? 10. What happened to the boats of Stubb and Flask? 11. What finally happened to Ahab's boat? 12. Use these new words in sentences: *chose, rush, cross, clever.*

B

1. Did Moby Dick now give up the fight or did he continue to strike at things with his tail? 2. What did he do at last when the *Pequod* appeared on the scene? 3. How were the men in the water picked up? 4. Why was Ahab forced to lean upon Starbuck when he came up on board? 5. What was given to Ahab to use as a cane? 6. Which one of the crew was found to be missing? 7. What had happened to Ahab's harpoon? 8. What arguments did Starbuck use to try to turn Ahab away from further chase of Moby Dick? 9. How did Ahab answer these arguments? 10. What was done again as night came on?

CHAPTER 19



*The dead, half-torn body of Fedallah was seen on the
back of the whale*

A

The morning of the third day broke fresh and clear. Extra men were again sent to the mast-heads to take the place of the night look-out. But the whale was not to be seen anywhere. The ship moved on at the same speed. Still Moby Dick did not appear. Several hours went by.

"Nothing! Nothing!" said Ahab. "Soon the morning will have passed. The sun is already high in the heavens. Does

no one wish to have the Spanish gold piece for his own? Aye, aye—it must be so. We have sailed past him. Now he's chasing *me*—not I, him. That's bad. Still I might have known it. The lines—the harpoons he's pulling. They have slowed him down. I have run by him in the night. About! About! Come down all of you except the regular look-outs. Man the sail lines. Swing the ship around."

The wind had been steadily at the *Pequod's* back, driving her on, since the chase of Moby Dick had first begun. Now, pointed in the opposite direction, the ship sailed head-on into the wind, moving, as a result, with much slower speed.

"Stand by to raise me up," said Ahab, going to the center mast where his special chair waited for him. "We should meet him soon now."

Once again Ahab was swung up on high to his usual position in the mast-head. An hour passed and still another. Time seemed to stand still. But than at last, far ahead and a little to the right of the ship, Ahab saw the spout of a whale. It was Moby Dick. At once from the three mast-heads three loud and excited cries went up.

"Forehead to forehead I meet you, the third time, Moby Dick," said Ahab. "On deck there. Crowd her into the wind. He's too far off to lower yet, Mr. Starbuck. That's right. Hold the ship steady there. I must go down—but first let me have one good look around here at the sea; there's time for that. An old, old sight and yet still so young—not at all changed since I first saw it, a small boy out of Nantucket. Old mast-head, we have grown old together. Good-bye! Keep a sharp eye on the white whale while I'm gone. We'll talk tomorrow, or better tonight, when the white whale lies dead down there, tied by head and tail."

He gave the word and, still looking around him at the wide, blue sea, was steadily lowered to the deck.

The boats were ready; they were lowered and soon were pulling around the back of the ship.

"Sharks! Sharks!" came a voice from on deck. "Come back."

But Ahab heard nothing. His own voice was raised now directing the crews as the boats moved out. Yet the voice had spoken true. Sharks crowded around suddenly, seeming to follow Ahab's boat in particular. Though not seen before, they appeared now biting and cutting at the oars each time these touched the water. Perhaps Ahab's yellow crew attracted them, the smell of their dark bodies causing the sharks to act in this way. The boats had not gone far when by a sign from a look-out in the ship's mast-head—an arm pointed down—Ahab knew that the whale had sounded. He gave orders at once to slow down though he continued on the same course, hoping to be near the whale at the next rising. The other boats and their crews, meanwhile, followed as though in a dream. There were no loud or excited cries this time. The only sound was that of the hammering of the head-on waves against the fronts of the boats.

Now all of a sudden the water all around seemed to rise up in several broad circles. A low sound was heard as of some great train moving under the seas. The men looked on in wonder as, wrapped around with lines, ropes, and broken harpoons, the great form of Moby Dick now shot up out of the water. The giant fish remained for a moment in the air and then dropped back heavily into the sea.

"Pull now! Quick!" cried Ahab to his crew, and all the boats moved ahead to the attack. But made angry by yesterday's irons that still bit into him, Moby Dick seemed driven now by all the devils in hell. The wide lines of his forehead appeared even deeper than usual as, head-on, he came swinging among the boats. Again he succeeded in

striking the boats of Stubb and Flask, though only lightly. Irons and spears fell from both boats. The front end of each was partly broken so that water began to come in. Ahab's boat remained untouched. While Queequeg and Daggoo worked to keep out the water from their boats, the whale swam away, turned, and shot by them once more, showing one whole side of his body. A quick cry went up. Tied round and round to the fish's back and caught in the many turns in which the whale had caused the lines to become wrapped around him during the night, the dead, half-torn body of Fedallah was seen. His clothes were in pieces. His wide and open eyes seemed turned full upon Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from Ahab's hand.

"My God!" said Ahab. "I see you again Fedallah. So this was your death—and this your unhappy funeral. But wait! Ahab has not finished yet." Then calling to the other two boats, Ahab ordered them to return to the ship. "The boats are of no use now," he said. "Fix them if you can in time—and then come back. If not, Ahab will fight and die alone. Down, men of this boat. The first one who dares to jump from this boat, that man will I harpoon. You are not other men, but my arms and my legs. So follow me. Where's the whale? Gone down again?"

Ahab had looked close to the boat. Moby Dick, in these few minutes, had moved away and was swimming again along his regular course. He swam with considerable speed as though the meeting with the boats had been a thing of passing interest and he was decided, once again, on following his earlier course. His speed soon caused him to pass the *Pequod*, which had slowed down but was still sailing against the wind in the opposite direction to which Moby Dick swam.

Ahab, while the other boats now made their way back

to the ship, turned his own boat about in order to follow Moby Dick. He also ordered that the boat's sail be set in order to take advantage of the wind which would now be at their backs. Soon he, too, passed the ship, so close as to be able to see Starbuck's worried face watching from the ship's side. Ahab called to Starbuck and told him to turn the *Pequod* around and to follow behind at a short distance. By this time the other boats had returned to the ship and were being drawn up on deck where the crews waited to begin work on them. Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo could be seen climbing up to the three mast-heads.

B

Whether by plan or simply because he was tired from the steady three day chase—Moby Dick now slowed down his speed. Ahab's boat was, therefore, not long in drawing near to him. Sharks still followed the boat on all sides and kept biting at the oars, causing them to become thin and broken.

The whale—as will sometimes happen—seemed not to know that the boat was so close; at least he paid no attention to it. As he swam ahead slowly, his spout rose regularly, the warm water falling around him like a light rain. The boat drew up alongside. Raising his harpoon high above his head with both his hands. Ahab drove it deep into the side of the whale. The whale, rolling with the force or pain of the blow, struck the side of the boat. The boat was not broken but three of the crew members were thrown into the water. Two of the men climbed back at once into the boat, but the third man was carried away almost at once by the sea and left floating and swimming far behind.

Now again, with a sudden great show of strength, the whale shot ahead of the boat and started swimming away.

Ahab cried to the man at the steering oar to take new turns in the harpoon line and to hold it so. He also ordered the crew to turn around in their seats and to pull on the line so as to bring the boat up to the whale. But at that moment, from the sudden force or speed of the whale, the line broke in two and dropped weakly into the water.

"Oars! Oars!" cried Ahab at once to the crew. "The line is gone. Burst in upon him. Pull!"

The whale, hearing the rush of the boat behind him, now turned and once more presented his wide forehead to the speeding crew. Yet as he turned he caught sight of the ship not far away. Seeing in the boat perhaps the cause of all his troubles, or thinking it some larger and greater enemy*, he now bore down upon the *Pequod*, rather than upon the boat, with all his great speed and strength.

"The whale! The ship!" cried the crew. But even as they cried out and before they could turn around to help, that part of the boat which had been struck before by the whale gave way under the hammering of the heavy waves, and water began to leak in.

From the front and sides of the *Pequod* nearly all the men of the crew hung watching the whale as he drove on toward the ship. In their hands they still held hammers, pieces of wood, spears and harpoons, just as they had run from their work. The whale moved his head strangely from side to side, sending up a broad half-circle of water before him as he rushed. Hate of man and everything that man represented seem to show in him. The broad wall of his forehead struck against the right front side of the ship. Both ship and men shook with the force of the blow. Some of the men fell upon their faces on the deck. The harpooners in the mast-heads held on tightly to keep their positions. A great hole was torn in the side of the ship. Water poured in as though from a dozen angry rivers. The

ship began at once to lean to one side and to go down.

Diving under the ship, the whale came out on the other side. Again he dove under the ship and shot to the surface at some distance from the ship but close to Ahab's boat. There, for a time, he lay quiet.

The harpoon was thrown from Ahab's boat, but the whale flew on. With great speed the line ran out after him and then caught in the front part of the boat. More line was quickly let out. Ahab leaned over to clear it. He did clear it, but as the line flew out once more, one of its turns caught Ahab around the neck. Without a sound coming from him, Ahab was shot out of the boat even before the crew knew he was gone. The harpoon line continued running out of the boat. The hooked end flew from the box where it was kept, knocked down one of the crew, and then disappeared completely into the sea.

For a moment the frightened crew stood still, then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" They looked and saw only the upper parts of the three masts still showing above the water. The ship had gone down quickly. The three harpooners, Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, were still at their positions at the mast-heads, but nothing else was to be seen of either crew or ship. Now great circles began to form on the water about the ship, moving round and round with ever increasing speed. Round and round the circles moved, faster and faster, until, as the whole ship finally went down, everything that lay near it—Ahab's boat, the boat's crew, each floating oar—was pulled down with it. Soon not a piece of wood or anything connected with the ship was left anywhere on the surface. All had fallen; all lay deep under the water, covered now by the great sea which rolled on and on again just as it had done five thousand years ago.

Exercises

A

1. Why did Ahab say that Moby Dick was now chasing him? 2. Why had Moby Dick traveled more slowly this night than on the night before? 3. Why was the ship now turned around? 4. Why did sharks crowd around Ahab's boat as this boat pulled away from the ship? 5. By what sign from the ship's look-out did Ahab know that Moby Dick had sounded? 6. What was wrapped around the body of Moby Dick when he now appeared? 7. How had Fedallah met his death? 8. Why did Ahab order the other two boats to return to the ship? 9. In what direction did Moby Dick begin to swim once again? 10. Why did Ahab now order the sail to be set in his boat? 11. As Ahab's boat passed the *Pequod*, what orders did Ahab call out to Starbuck? 12. Use these in sentences: *to slow down, to swing around, to stand still, to grow old, all of a sudden, to look on, to shoot up, to wrap around, to be of no use.*

B

1. Why was Ahab's boat not long in drawing near Moby Dick? 2. What did Ahab do as his boat came alongside Moby Dick? 3. In what way were three of Ahab's crew thrown into the water? 4. How many of these men succeeded in climbing back into the boat? 5. What happened to the third man? 6. What happened to the harpoon line when the men began to pull upon it? 7. Why did Moby Dick now bear down upon the *Pequod* instead of upon Ahab's boat? 8. What happened when Moby Dick drove against the *Pequod* and struck it with his broad forehead? 9. What happened to Ahab when he tried to free the harpoon line that had become caught in the front of the boat? 10. Why was everything that lay near the scene of the *Pequod* pulled down with it when the ship went down? 11. How did Ishmael escape and live to tell this story? 12. Use these in sentences: *by plan, to draw near, at least, to pay attention to, to carry away, to break in two, to catch sight of, to turn around, to put in, to lean over, to knock down, to take hold of.*

(Epilogue)

THE STORY'S TOLD. *Why, then, does one man here appear? Because that man lived and escaped the death that took the rest of the Pequod's crew.*

It so chanced that after Fedallah disappeared I was the one chosen to take the place of the first oarsman when he took over Fedallah's position as harpooner in Ahab's boat. It was also I who, when the three men were thrown from the boat on the last day, was left swimming behind. So floating near the scene that followed and in full sight of it, I too was drawn toward the ship as it went down, pulling everything along with it. Yet by the time I reached the center of the circling waters and was carried round and round in them, the force of this pull had grown much less. The ship had disappeared completely. A period of calm followed, and the circling waters stopped. Next, from their center a great burst of air seemed to rise, bringing up with it Queequeg's life-buoy-coffin that had always hung at the back of the ship. This life-buoy-coffin shot up into the air and fell at my side. I took hold of it at once and was buoyed up by it for almost one whole day and night. The sharks moved by me without so much as an angry look; the sea-birds, too, paid no attention. On the second day a sail drew near, and nearer, and at last picked me up. It was the ship Rachel, which, still looking for its lost children, had found me instead.*



The following list includes slightly more than 250 new words used for the first time in this book. The total word count of the book is somewhat less than 1,000 words, including the words listed here plus most of the 750 words used in the first book of this series of readers, *The House of the Seven Gables*. Proper names and cardinal numbers are not included in this list.

across	captain	drop	high
advantage	catch	drown	hole
advice	chance	ear	hook
age	chase	enemy	hot
aim	chemical	English	hunt
alive	chest	escape	hurrah
alongside	choose	exchange	hurt
among	circle	excitement	inch
apart	clever	extra	intelligent
argument	climb	fast	iron
ash	cloudy	fat	island
aside	coat	favorable	jaw
attack	coffin	fellow	jump
attraction	college	fever	king
attractive	color	fire	knife
aye	companion	(fire-place)	lantern
barrel	considerable	fish	lay
beauty	continuous	flame	leak
being	control	floating	least
below	cost	fly	leg
bet	crazy	fool	lie
beyond	crew	foot	life-buoy
bite	crooked	force	loose
bloody	cross	forehead	lower
blue	cruel	form	machine
board	dance	fortunate	mad
boat	dangerous	fourth	majority
boil	dare	furnace	mast
bone	dark-skinned	gallon	(mast-head)
born	deal	generous	meal
brave	deck	giant	meanwhile
breathe	delicately	good-bye	mention
broad	difference	gun	middle
burn	difficulty	hammer	miss
burst	distant	hardly	movement
butcher	dive	harpoon	nail
cabin	dog	hell	news
canoe	drive	herd	noisy

none	report	south	tomorrow
nor	restless	spend	tooth
oar	river	spout	top
(oarsman)	roll	south	tragedy
ocean	round	spear	trick
officer	row	speed	trip
oil	rough	steady	trousers
opposite	rub	steer	unless
orange	ruin	step	uncomfortable
pail	rush	stick	(undress)
pain	sail	stone	(uneasy)
passenger	sailor	storm	(unnatural)
peel	satisfy	strength	(unseen)
pile	Saturday	strike	etc.
pipe	savage	strip	useless
pot	scene	stroke	valuable
pour	scissors	struggle	warn
profit	sea	succeed	wash
protect	separate	suggest	waste
pull	series	surface	watery
pump	set	swear	wave
pure	shadow	sweat	west
purple	shark	swim	wet
raise	sharp	swing	whale
razor	shoot	tail	wherever
recent	shore	tattoo	whiskey
red	sight	tense	worry
reflection	sir	thick	would
regular	size	tie	wrap
religious	smell	tight	wrong
remind	smoke	tomahawk	yellow
remove			



BE SURE TO READ the other important titles in this series of Graded Readers. All are well-known American Classics:

1. The House of the Seven Gables by Nathaniel Hawthorne
(vocabulary range 750 words)
2. Moby Dick by Herman Melville
(vocabulary range 1000 words)
3. Murders in the Rue Morgue and The Gold Bug by Edgar Allan Poe
(vocabulary range 1200 words)
4. The Pathfinder by James Fenimore Cooper
(vocabulary range 1400 words)
5. The Outcasts of Poker Flat, The Luck of Roaring Camp And Other Stories by Bret Harte
(vocabulary range 1600 words)
6. The Hoosier Schoolmaster by Edward Eggleston
(vocabulary range 1800 words)
7. The Portrait of a Lady by Henry James
(vocabulary range 2000 words)
8. The Rise of Silas Lapham by William Dean Howells
(vocabulary range 2200 words)
9. Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain
(vocabulary range 2400 words)
10. The Red Badge of Courage by Stephen Crane
(vocabulary range 2600 words)